The Massillon Independent.

WHOLE NO 1770 — MASSILLON, OHIO, APRIL 18, 1895 — XXXIV—NO. .

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over Rudolph's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

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Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

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RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

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D. ATWATER & SON. Established in 1832 Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

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C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN' dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No, 5 South Erie street.

R. J. PUMPHREY,

Physician & Surgeon.

Office Hours
Office 76 E. Main St. 8 to 10 a. m.
Residence 56 E. Tremont St. 1 to 4 p. m.
Massillon, O. 6 to 8 p. m.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by Morganthaler & Heister, druggists.

WANTED.

AN Energetic Man or Woman to sell dress goods to private individuals in this locality. Good opportunity for bright persevering party. Address giving full particulars, New York Dress Goods Co., 115 Worth St., New York City.

B. & B

A . . .

Difference,

And a big difference in your cash account if the yearly buying has been done judiciously—we don't presume to dictate—will only suggest the investigation and comparison of our methods, goods and prices, with best you can do elsewhere. Send for samples of the following few, which will give an idea of the many

DRESS GOODS

and SUITING VALUES

of known and tried worth. The newest, most stylish and best of **1895 Season;**

NEW COVERT TWEEDS

Medium and dark shades—10 different colorings—just the goods for handsome Tailor-made suits, 46 inches wide. **75c. a yard.**

Great variety in **New and Choice Suitings**—American made, irregular checks, threads-a-bout checks, neat mixtures—10 different lines, 4 to 8 color combinations in each line—at least 6 different styles—all Wool and Silk and Wool—full yard wide, 36 inches. **25c a yard.**

24-inch all Wool Black, Navy and Drab **Moreen,** 24 inches wide. **35 cents.**

All Wool **Imported Black Moreen,** 24 inches wide. **40c a yard.**

38-inch Imported Black and Drab **Wool Moreen,** **50c a yard.**

CREPON POPULARITY

Not even on the wane, and surpassing anything yet shown this season are these "latest from Paris" Black Crepons at prices—**$1, $1.25, $1.50 to $2.50 a yard.**

SUITING CREPONS.

Medium weight, in the new Mattelasse weave—6 different color mixtures—40 in. wide. **75c a yard.**

BLACK CREPONS **45c to $3.50**

Give a wide and choice range for selection.

A MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

ready to serve your slightest order. Come or write us, giving intimation of goods desired—Samples and Catalogue sent Free.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117 and 119 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

THE POPE HAS SPOKEN

Manitoba Catholics Must Fight For Parochial Schools.

EXCOMMUNICATION THREATENED.

All Those Who Favor the National School System Will Be Refused the Privileges of the Church—Situation Different From the United States.

WINNIPEG, April 17.—Nothing since the beginning of the Catholic school struggle, in this country, has created a greater sensation than the announcement of the Catholic archbishop that those Catholics who henceforth lend their aid and influence to those who would abolish Catholic parochial schools will be excommunicated. Many prominent Catholics have, during the struggle of the church, expressed themselves in favor of a national school system, and among these, the announcement has created the greatest consternation. At first it was thought to be simply a move on the part of Archbishop Langevin and done without either the authority of Mgr. Satolli or the pope; but it has been learned positively that Langevin's action is based on authority received direct from Rome.

It is understood that Archbishop Langevin last week received a papal encyclical on the question. This encyclical reviews the entire school matter and points out that the case in the United States and Canada is not analogous. In Canada, and particularly in Manitoba, it points out that Catholic schools were guaranteed by treaty and by the constitution, while no such guarantee was given in the States. The parochial schools belong to Manitoba Catholics by right of treaty, it declares, and on this ground it affirms that the Catholics who continue to lend their aid to those who would take away these rights shall not be received into communion with the church.

It reported that a meeting of Roman Catholic dignitaries will shortly be held in New York city, to discuss and take some action on the Manitoba school question. The church in Manitoba is expecting some aid from the church in the United State, and although Mgr. Satolli's jurisdiction does not extend to Manitoba, it is understood that Catholics here anticipate he will throw his great influence in their behalf.

Scott's Funeral Tomorrow.

CHICAGO, April 17.—The funeral services over the remains of the late James W. Scott will take place at St. James Episcopal church, Cass and Huron streets, at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. The Rev. Ernest M. Stiers, rector of Grace Episcopal church, and the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, will officiate. The burial will be at Graceland cemetery, in Scott's lot, and will be private.

Muruaga Formally Retires.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Senor Muruaga, the Spanish minister, terminated his official active connection with this government, when he called at the state department and introduced to Secretary Gresham, Senor Sagrario, the first secretary of the legation, who he said would be in charge of the office pending the arrival of the new minister, Dupuy de Lome, who is now in Cuba, and is expected to arrive here some time during the month of May.

A Georgian Wants to Be President.

COLUMBUS, Ga., April 17.—J. A. White of this city announces his intention of becoming a candidate for president of the United States as a silver man, laboring man and a southerner. He wants to "unite the west and south." White is a shoemaker. He has been an unsuccessful candidate for mayor of this city and for sheriff of Muscogee county.

News of Peace Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Official confirmation of the press report of the signing of the treaty of peace between the plenipotentaries of Japan and China has been received by Secretary Gresham. It came from Minister Dun, at Tokio; was very brief, and merely stated that a treaty of peace had been finally concluded.

A Death Knell to Bloomers.

KANSAS CITY, April 17.—An ordinance is to be introduced at the next meeting of the Westport council by Alderman T. H. Wheeler, which will doubtless create consternation in the ranks of women who ride bicycles. It provides that the wearing of bloomers on the streets of Westport shall be prohibited.

Election's Legality Questioned.

RALEIGH, April 17.—There is a new political sensation here. The Fusion legislature, at its last session, elected nine additional penitentiary directors, all Fusionists. There was not a quorum present in either house when the bill was passed, the Democrats claim, and that hence the election was not legal.

Killed Her and Shot Himself.

TELLURIDE, Colo., April 17.—Heywood Williams, who came from Louisville, N. C., shot and killed Grace White, a woman of bad character, in a lover's quarrel, and then shot himself, inflicting a mortal wound.

Detective Pat Gray Dead.

CHICAGO, April 17.—Pat Gray, one of the most noted of Chicago detectives, has died here. Gray made much of his reputation as a man of good nerve, during the breaking up of the Sam Bass gang of Texas outlaws in the 70's.

May Be Betrothed to a Queen.

LONDON, April 17.—The World publishes a report to the effect that Prince Alfred of Saxe Coburg Gotha, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha (more generally known as the Duke of Edinburgh), is likely to be betrothed to the young queen, Wilhelmina, of Holland.

OHIO OIL MEN CONFIDENT.

They Think the High Prices Have Come to Stay.

FINDLAY, O., April 17.—Ohio oil has made another advance of 10 cents on the barrel, and the price is now more than double that of a week ago. As an evidence of the fact that oilmen believe the higher prices have come to stay, it is stated that Mr. C. C. Harris, one of the largest producers, made an offer to the Genessee Oil company to take its entire production for the next three months at the same figures. The offer was declined. Mr. Harris has located ten new wells since last Saturday and expects to have 50 new producers within a month. Other leading producers are starting new wells as fast as derricks can be put up.

A Cleveland special says: Alfred Whitaker, president and manager of the Brooks' Oil company, an independent refinery, said concerning the big bulge in oil: "The present price of crude oil is higher than it has been for 17 years. The truth is that for a long time the market has been below what it should have been. It never should have been below $1. The large surplus stock of crude in existence for a term of years was a menace to the market. This surplus stock, in connection with the possibility of new fields opening up, has kept the market depressed, and all refiners have been able, as well as the Standard Oil company, to buy their raw material at low figures. This has enabled them to make low prices for their finished product and sell in all markets of the world. An enormous demand has thereby been created in all parts of the globe for our petroleum products, especially those made from Pennsylvania crude."

Ohio oil has advanced 10 cents. North of Lima is now $1.27; south of Lima, $1.25; Indiana, $1.15.

Senator Goebel Discharged.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—The trial of State Senator William Goebel for killing Colonel John L. Sanford, was held in Covington, Ky., before Judge Stephens of Kenton county court. The charge was manslaughter. A great many witnesses were examined. The predominent testimony was that Sanford accosted Goebel first and fired first. Attorney General Henricks was very positive on this point, and his testimony was corroborated by many witnesses and contradicted by none. On the ground that Senator Goebel acted in self-defense he was acquitted and his case was dismissed.

Cleveland to Have a New Building.

CLEVELAND, April 17.—At the annual dinner at the chamber of commerce it was announced that work would soon be commenced on a new chamber of commerce building to cost from $300,000 to $500,000. Addresses were made by the retiring president, Luther Allen; the incoming president, Wilson M. Day, Hon. Robert P. Porter, Hon. James H. Hoyt, Harvey D. Goulder and Samuel Mather. In his inaugural address President Day predicted from recent events the shifting of the steel making center of the United States to the south shore of Lake Erie.

A Dog Bites a Child.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 17.—The little daughter of Mr. C. F. Tobey has been painfully injured by the bite of a dog. The mother was called to Cincinnati by the sickness of her mother, and the little one was running about unattended when a large dog attacked it, tearing off the end of its nose. A doctor restored the injured member, but there is little hope of its healing.

A Surveyor $3,000 Short.

CELINA, O., April 17. — Clyde V. Smith, county surveyor, who has fled to unknown parts, has been ousted by the commissioners and his successor appointed. An examination of his books shows that he has raised vouchers and defrauded the county of $3,000 or more. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

Thieving Bridal Couple Arrested.

DAYTON, O., April 17.—Danny Nugent, pickpocket, and Minnie May, notorious shoplifter of Chicago, who is reputed to have stolen $150,000 worth of goods, here on a wedding tour, as they were recently married, and stopping at a reputable hotel, have been arrested by Chief Farrell as known and reputed thieves.

Annoyed by Sulphur Fumes.

COLUMBUS, April 17.—The health officer of Washingtonville, Columbiana county, has advised the state board of health that a heap of slack from a coal mine near that village has been burning for some months and that the sulphurous smoke blowing over the town is a menace to the health of the community.

Killed Over a Line Fence.

NORWALK, O., April 17.—Alfred Blanchard has been shot and killed here by Michael Artman, his neighbor. The two quarreled over the location of a line fence, and Artman used a revolver to settle the dispute. Blanchard was but 28 years of age, while Artman is past 70.

Adjourned Without Taking Action.

COLUMBUS, April 17.—The meeting of representatives of the Ohio, Pittsburg and West Virginia coal carrying roads, held here to discuss rates to Chicago, adjourned to May 17, in Chicago, without taking any action.

A $300,000 Fire In Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—The large six-story building of the National Saw company, Baymiller and Sixth streets, burned about midnight. Loss over $250,000.

Revising Lutheran Hymns.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 17.—The general synod executive committee is in session here to revise the hymns of the Lutheran church of the United States.

Assistant Comptroller Mansur Dead.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Mr. Charles H. Mansur, assistant comptroller of the treasury department and formerly a member of congress from Missouri, has died at the National hotel.

GREYTOWN IS SAFE.

British Don't Intend to Bombard the Town.

GRESHAM HAS FILED NO PROTEST.

The Question of Great Britain Using Warlike Means to Collect Indemnity Has Not Been Raised — Nicaragua's Reply Not Pleasing to the British.

LONDON, April 17.—It is stated on good authority that the question of a protest upon the part of the United States against the bombardment of Greytown and the landing of British troops in Nicaragua has never been raised between Great Britain and the United States so far as the British government is aware.

In any case, it is added, the British will not bombard Greytown in the event of Nicaragua refusing to comply with the demands of Great Britain. But steps will be taken to insure the payment of the indemnity demanded by the British government and the necessary orders have been sent to commanders of British warships. But the nature of the orders sent to the British commanders and whether they include the landing of troops is not stated.

Nicaragua's reply to the ultimatum of Great Britain is substantially correct. The reply, however, falls very short of Great Britain's demands. The British ultimatum demanded reparation for the expulsion of Mr. Hatch, the British consular agent, and for the personal injury sustained by British subjects, and the appointment of a commission to arbitrate the amount of damage done to the property of British subjects, etc., indicating the composition of the commission and stipulating that no American should be chosen as a member.

Nicaragua now seeks to refer the matter to an impartial commission of arbitration, apparently ignoring the main demand respecting the expulsion of Mr. Hatch. The foreign office is unable to state now what Great Britain's course will be, as the position is extremely delicate, but, apparently, Great Britain can, without loss of dignity, accept such a compromise as Nicaragua suggests. The foreign office has received no information and discredits the report that the United States has indicated objections to the bombarding of Greytown or the landing of troops.

STRUCK BY A CYCLONE.

Houses Demolished. In Kansas and People Injured.

CHEROKEE, Kan., April 17.—A cyclone has struck the house of Frank Goodin, three miles west of here, and literally tore it to pieces, scattering debris all over the fields. Mr. Goodin had his neck dislocated and will die.

Mrs. Goodin was caught under the roof and pinned to the ground, her clothes taking fire. Her screams attracted the neighbors, who rescued her in time to save her life. She is not seriously injured. Half a dozen other farmhouses in the immediate vicinity were also demolished, but nobody else was hurt.

Ransom's Appointment Not Illegal.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—High officials of the government take no stock in a published statement that ex-Senator Ransom's appointment as minister to Mexico was illegal under the constitution, because the compensation of office was increased during his term as senator. It will be held that he was not "appointed" until he had received his commission which was on March 5, when he had ceased to be a senator.

Bishop Bowman Resigns as Chancellor.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 17.—At a meeting of the trustees of Depauw university here Bishop Thomas Bowman resigned as chancellor of the university, and the Rev. C. N. Sims of the Meridian Street M. E. church, this city, was unanimously elected to succeed him. The trustees will endeavor to raise a permanent endowment fund of $1,000,000 by 1900.

Seven Men to Be Hanged.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., April 17.—Unless Governor Stone interferes, seven men will be hanged in this state Saturday. They are: Jacob Heinz, Henry Kaiser, James Murray and W. H. Taylor, in St. Louis; John Burries, alias Joseph Dusty, in St. Joseph; Edward Murry, in Gasconade county, and James Crisp, in Webster county.

Yamagata Not Archduke John.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Officials of the Japanese legation here are in a position to explode the sensational story printed in the London Standard, that Japan's field marshal, Count Yamagata, is in reality Archduke John of Austria, who disappeared several years ago. Count Yamagata's whole life almost has been spent in Japan.

Spaniards Stir Up the Trouble.

CHICAGO, April 17.—H. O. Stone, a wealthy Chicagoan, who with his wife has returned from a tour through Central America and Cuba, says that he believes the numerous Cuban insurrections are stirred up by Spanish officers for their own glory.

General Ewing's Rich Job.

NEW YORK, April 17.—At the request of the mayor, General Thomas Ewing, formerly member of congress from Ohio, has been appointed attorney to the building department, at a salary of $5,000 a year.

Prominent Man Skips Out.

PENSACOLA, Fla., April 17.—George Zurich, a prominent business man, has skipped, leaving a large number of creditors. His wife and employes are bemoaning his departure.

Thirty-Second Annual Convention.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The national Academy of Sciences is holding its thirty-second annual session here.

OIL GOES TO $2.54.

Another Sensational Day In the Market at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, April 17.—Another day of intense excitement has been witnessed in the oil market. Long before the hour of opening, the lobby of the exchange was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men. The game opened with the announcement that the Standard had advanced its price 25 cents to $2.25, and the exchange promptly elevated it to $2.50.

The fluctuations during the first half hour were very wild. The opening bid was $2.40, the first sale was at $2.50, and from that point there was a tremendous slump at $2.38. The rally to $2.47 was just as sudden, and then the changes became less erratic. Every drop and every jump was greeted with a wild cheer by the brokers and lobby. The cause of the quick movements was the reports of sales by some of the large independent companies.

SOME PREDICT $4.00 OIL.

The Market Continues to Create Great Excitement at Bradford.

BRADFORD, Pa., April 17.—The oil market continues to create excitement enough for a country circus. Women, men and boys are talking oil. The scene at Higgins' brokerage office is like old time in Bradford. Ladies, merchants and men in all walks of life are there buying and selling a commodity that has enriched hundreds of people in this country.

The prediction of $3 is again ventured, and there are some who claim $4 will be cheap in 30 days. There are a number of local refiners, it is said, who have outstanding contracts below these prices and stand to lose a great deal of money should the advance continue. It is reported they are ready to begin buying crude in order to protect themselves. They probably find but little for sale, as it is conceded on all sides that the oil sold has gone into stronger hands and into those who know what is to come.

A Bigamist With Seven Wives.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., April 17.—William Headrick, wanted in Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky for bigamy, has been arrested on a charge of horse stealing and lodged in jail here. Seven deserted wives are on his track. Headrick's method was to travel about the country and when he found a woman with money, he would marry her. Then as soon as he could get her money in his possession, he would desert her.

Victims of a Building Collapse.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., April 17.—The walls of the nearly completed Tretz block collapsed, owing to a defective foundation. Two painters of Johnstown, Adam and Washington Veeder, were buried in the ruins, and two plumbers were badly injured. Dwelling houses on either side of the block had their roofs crushed, but the tenants escaped injury.

Brakeman Killed and Robbed.

JACKSON, Miss., April 17.—Robert Bitue, a brakeman on the Illinois Central, has been found dead beside the track in the suburbs of Jackson. He had been robbed of $80 and a fine gold watch.

A Village Treasurer Missing.

ORANGE, N. J., April 17.—Robert A. Halliday, the village treasurer of South Orange has been missing for two weeks. It is believed his accounts are all right.

President Faure to Be Honored.

ROUEN, April 17.—President Faure has arrived here on his way to Havre, his electorate, where grand fetes have been arranged in his honor.

Killed by the Earthquakes.

VIENNA, April 17.—Of the number of persons killed by the earthquakes, two met their death at Laibach and seven were killed in the vicinity of that place. In addition, three children were killed in the village of Rodica. Enormous damage was done in many towns and villages of the Laibach district.

Governor Marvil's Will.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 17.—The will of the late Governor Marvil, filed here, leaves his estate, valued at $300,000, to his son, J. Dallas Marvil, his nephew, Joshua H. Marvil, Jr., and his private secretary, H. F. Marvil.

A Suit For $15,000.

MEMPHIS, April 17.—The controversy over the services of Jockey Felix Carr, who is now riding in California, which the Turf congress recently refused to consider, has been taken into court. Lewis Long, Carr's guardian, sues Barney Schrieber, to whom the boy was hired, for $15,000 damages for alleged violation of the conditions of the contract.

A Young Man Missing.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 16.—Arthur Zeleye, the 25-year-old son of President Zeleye of Smith college is missing, and his disappearance causes great anxiety.

Three Men Accused of Robbery.

WHEELING, April 17.—Frank Gump, William Lawrence and John Yost have been arrested here, charged with robbing Baltimore and Ohio cars of goods valued at $20,000.

Asked to Protect Chinese.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The United States government has been requested by the Chinese government to take under its protection the Chinese residing in Guatemala.

Crisp's Secretary Dies Suddenly.

ATLANTA, April 17.—John T. Waterman, private secretary of Speaker Crisp and one of the best-known newspaper men in Georgia, has died suddenly of apoplexy.

A Railroad Engine Held Up.

CHICAGO, April 17.—A railroad engine has been held up by highwaymen in one of the busiest parts of the Chicago switching system. The engineer and fireman of a locomotive in the Chicago and Eastern Illinois yards were attacked by three men and each robbed of a watch and money. The engineer was shot.

THE SILVER LEADERS.

They Address a Big Meeting In Denver.

SIBLEY A SECOND LINCOLN.

So General Warner Thinks the Pennsylvania Ex-Congressman Would Be, If Elected President—Sibley Compelled to Come Home—Warner Going to the Coast.

DENVER, April 17.—The open air meeting addressed by the silver champions last night was the largest ever assembled in Denver. Ex-Congressmen Sibley was the first speaker. He advised the debasement of partisanship and the elevation of patriotism. Frequent appeals have been made by the goldbugs to the bankers and business men to educate the people in regard to "sound money," but he thought there were so many people needed education in that way that the goldites had a hopeless task and one that was daily becoming more so. The burden of the entire speech was that it was necessary to unite if hope was to be entertained for the ultimate redemption of siver.

"Shake off party spells," he said, "and unite under the free silver banner, not as Republicans, not as Democrats, nor yet as Populists, but as free born American citizens."

At the end of his speech, Mr. Sibley announced that owing to the serious illness of his sister, he would end his tour here and start for Pennsylvania.

General Warner was the next introduced, "We are face to face," he said, "with the question—what is to be our money, how is it to be supplied?" He showed how the money question is the dominant one in politics today. "The line of battle is drawn, monometallism on one side and bimetallism on the other."

He then proceeded to analyze chances of restoration of silver within party lines and showed plainly its impossibility. He showed how the parties were split on the question, and if either should adopt a free silver plank, it would be the cause of its downfall.

"Stay with the present parties," he said, "and you may have the spoils. The lines must be submerged for the present, and free silver men must unite on some one candidate for their support. We present for your consideration Mr. Sibley, and however much you may turn the searchlight of investigation on his character, you will not find a blot. He would be the first real president since Lincoln if he were chosen.

Both speakers were frequently interrupted with bursts of applause.

General Warner proceeds from Denver alone through Colorado and to the Pacific coast.

A New York special says: Senator Jones of Nevada who is at present in the city, has received from Mr. Sibley, the presidential candidate of the American Bimatallic party, who is in Denver, a telegram expressing the hope that the senator would join Mr. Sibley and General Warner, the chairman of the party, in Denver, and deliver an address there. Senator Jones, being unable to go, has sent Mr. Sibley a letter expressing his regret. He then advocates a general combine of free silver men of all parties into a third party to fight for a common cause.

The A. P. A. Men Defeated.

ROCKFORD, Ills., April 17.—As a result of the hottest political battle ever fought in Rockford, Edward W. Brown, candidate of the business men and liberal element, has been elected mayor over Amasa Hutchins, candidate of the A. P. A., by 55 majority, out of 6,000 votes, the largest vote ever polled in the city. The A. P. A. was the district issue, and money was contributed by lodges all over the state to Hutchins' campaign fund.

Royal League Convention.

CHICAGO, April 17.—The annual session of the supreme council of the Royal League has opened at the national headquarters in the Masonic temple. The delegates present represent the states of Wisconsin, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri, Nebraska and Illinois. Satisfactory reports were presented by the various officers, that of Supreme Scribe C. A. Warren, showing that the organization has nearly 13,000 members.

Nightmare Bothers the Murderer.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17.—Theodore Durant, the girl murderer, keeps his nerve under excellent control. During his walking hours he gives little sign of trepidation. When he closes his eyes he invariably becomes the victim of nightmare and groans and cries in terror. More of his base actions toward girls have come to light.

Authorized to Sign the Treaty.

TIEN TSIN, April 17.—An imperial edict has been issued authorizing Li Hung Chang to sign the terms of peace in accordance with the Japanese ultimatum. The indemnity to be paid by China is 200,000,000 taels.

Umra Khan Wants Peace.

CALCUTTA, April 17.—A dispatch from Simla announces that Umra Khan has liberated Lieutenant Fowler and the remaining Sepoys captured by him. They arrived safely at the British camp at Sado. Umra Khan is apparently anxious for peace.

Important Federation Meeting.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 17.—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor will meet in this city April 22, and continue in session several days. This will be the first meeting since the Denver convention.

OTTUMWA, Ia., April 17.—Ex-United States Senator James F. Wilson is thought to be dying at his home in Fairfield. He has been failing for some time.

PITH OF THE NEWS.

Mrs. Paran Steven's will, disposing of an estate of $1,500,000, was filed for probate in New York.

Rev. Mr. Kincaid, a Presbyterian pastor of Minneapolis, may be tried for heresy.

It was stated at Peoria that reorganization plans project the dropping of some whisky trust properties and the purchase of others.

The Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Beresford will be married at Hanover Square, London, on April 30.

A Paris paper urges the formation of an economic and industrial league in Europe against the United States.

William Latimer, receiver of the First National bank of Sedalia, Mo., was instructed to levy an assessment of $187,500 upon the stockholders to pay the bank's indebtedness.

Charles Weber, ex-chief of police and a pioneer settler, was found dead in his bed at St. Paul from a pistol shot fired by his own hand, the result, it is believed, of sickness.

Prof. L. L. Dyche of Lawrence, Kan., the naturalist of the Coast Arctic expedition, which ended so disastrously last summer will sail for Greenland May 15 in the schooner Golden Hope, to make a collection of fauna.

Eau de Gallie, Richard Croker's horse, won the Derby at Newmarket, England.

Fifteen Men Nearly Suffocated.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., April 17.—Reports have reached here that one of the mines of the Crescent Coal company, at Gallup, caught fire and 15 men were almost suffocated from smoke and gas. They were carried out of the mine after the fire was extinguished.

Colonel Elverson Married.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Miss Eleanor Mayo, daughter of Frank Mayo, has been married to Colonel James Elverson, Jr., general manager of the Philadelphia Inquire, by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, at the Church of the Incarnation.

Miraculous Escape of a Train.

GALVESTON, April 17.—An attempt has been made to wreck a Santa Fe passenger train near Cane station, Tex. A rail was moved from the track over a bridge spanning a deep ravine, and when the southbound express came along it struck the gap at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The engineer applied the brakes, but before the train could be stopped the engine, baggage and express and smoking cars had jumped across the bridge and miraculously rolled up on the firm track beyond.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, April 16.

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 61@62c; No. 2 red, 60@61c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow ear, 51@52c; mixed ear, 47@48c; No. 2 yellow shelled, 51@52c.

OATS—No. 1 white, 36½@37c; No. 2 do., 36@36½c; extra No. 3 white, 35@35½c; mixed, 34@34½c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $12@12.50; No. 1 timothy, $11.50@12.00; No. 2 timothy, $10.50@11.00; mixed clover and timothy, $10.50@11.00; packing, $7.25@7.50; No. 1 feeding prairie, $8.00@8.50; wagon hay, $14@16.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery, 24@25c; Ohio fancy creamery, 20@21c; fancy country, roll, 15@16c; low grades and cooking, 9@10c.

CHEESE — Ohio mild, 9@10c; New York, fall make, 10½@11c; limberger, fall make, 12@12½c; Wisconsin Swiss, 13@13½c; Ohio Swiss, 10@11c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio in cases, 12@12½c; goose eggs, 40@50c; duck, 18@20c.

POULTRY—Large live chickens, 60@65c per pair; live chickens, small, 40@45c; ducks, 65@75c per pair, as to size; dressed chickens, 9@10c per pound; turkeys, 14@15c per pound; ducks, 15@16c per pound; live turkeys, 10@11c per pound; live geese, 8@9c; 1.00 per pair.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., April 16.

CATTLE — Receipts liberal for this week, and with a limited number of buyers the market is opening very slow and at lower prices, except on prime cattle. Prime, $5.75@6.25; good, $5.10@5.60; good butchers, $4.60@5.10; rough fat, $3.50@3.80; bulls, stags and cows, $2.00@3.80; fresh cows and springers, $15.00@35.00.

HOGS—Receipts light today and the quality of stock is poor. The demand is light and the market opening slow at lower prices on the quality of stock here. Philadelphias, $5.30@5.35; mixed, $5.20@5.25 best Yorkers, $5.15@5.20; common to fair Yorkers, $4.90@5.00; roughs, $3.00@4.50.

SHEEP—Receipts light, but the demand is light and the market is slow at the following prices. Export wethers, $4.80@5.00; extra, $4.40@4.60; good, $3.90@4.30; fair, $2.90@3.40; common, $1.50@2.00; best lambs, $5.30@5.50; good lambs, $4.50@5.00; common to fair lambs, $2.00@4.00; veal calves, $4.00@4.50; heavy and thin calves, $2.00@3.00; chipped sheep, $3.25@4.30.

CINCINNATI, April 16.

HOGS—Market active and strong at $4.50@4.90; receipts, 1,400 head; shipments, 900 head.

CATTLE—Market steady at $2.50@5.00; receipts 200 head; shipments, 100 head.

SHEEP—Market steady at $1.75@4.75; receipts, 200 head; shipments, 200 head. Lambs weak at $3.00@5.50.

NEW YORK, April 16.

WHEAT — Spot market dull. No. 2 red store and elevator, 61¾c afloat, 62¾c; f. o. b., 63¾c afloat; No. 1 hard, 69¾c delivered.

CORN—Spot market dull. Steamer mixed, 49½@49¾c elevator; 50½@50¾c delivered.

OATS—Spot market weaker. No. 2, 32@32¼c; No. 2 delivered, 32¾@33c; No. 3, 31½c; No. 2 white, 36c; No. 3 white, 35¾c, track white, 36@40½c.

CATTLE—European cables quote American steers at 11@12c per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 10@10½c per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — Market dull, but steady. Unshorn sheep, poor to prime, $3.00@5.30; nominal quotations for unshorn lambs, $4.50@6.00.

HOGS—Market lower at $5.00@5.40.

The Massillon Markets.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, April 18, 1895.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat, per bushel	60
Rye, per bushel	45@50
Oats	28@30
Corn	50
Barley	75
Wool	10@20
Flax Seed	$1 00
Clover Seed	$5 50
Timothy Seed	$2 50@2 70
Bran, per 100 lbs	90
Middlings, per 100 lbs	$1 00
Hay	$9 00@10 00

PRODUCE.

Choice Butter, per lb	15
Eggs, per dozen	10
Lard, per pound	6
Hams, per lb	10
Shoulders	8
Sides	8
Cheese, per lb	10
White beans, per bushel	$1 90@2 25
Potatoes	50@55
Onions	55@60
Apples	75@85
Evaporated Apples, choice	10@11
Dried Peaches, peeled	12@15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	4@5
Salt, per barrel	$1 10@1 25

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SEEING A BLUE LIGHT

MRS. GALLUP BREAKS THE PAINFUL NEWS TO HER HUSBAND.

The Light Is Seen by Mrs. Watkins, and It Means a Sudden Flight Upward Before Another Daybreak—Mr. Gallup Remains Calm and Unmoved.

[Copyright, 1895, by Charles B. Lewis.]

When Mr. Gallup brought out the tin lantern and lighted the tallow candle and started off down town to buy 70 feet of clothesline, a cake of shaving soap and two pounds of tenpenny nails, Mrs. Watkins had just entered the house to tell Mrs. Gallup that she might possibly have to borrow two flatirons and a cup of sugar next day Mr. Gallup took things easy, and did not return for an hour. He entered by the kitchen door, blew out his candle and hung up his lantern, and after warming his coat tails at the stove for three or four minutes he entered the sitting room. He had neither seen nor heard from Mrs Gallup but he suspected what had happened. He found her in the big rocking chair, a towel tied tightly around her head and the camphor bottle in her hand As he entered the room she looked up through her half closed eyes and moaned:

"I MIGHT AS WELL DIE AS COMFORTABLY AS I KIN."

"Samuel, I was afraid you wouldn't git here in time to hear my dym words and kiss me for the last time on earth! Thank heaven, you hev cum! Samuel, kiss me farewell!"

Mr. Gallup looked up at the clock and saw that it was 20 minutes to 9. Then he went out into the kitchen, pulled off his boots by the aid of the bootjack and putting on his slippers he re-entered the sitting room and sat down to his newspaper.

"Samuel," continued Mrs Gallup, after several hearty snuffs at the camphor bottle, 'do you know what Mrs. Watkins told me after you went away? She didn't mean to let it out, known how nervous I am, but she told it without thinkin. Last night at midnight she thought she heard the cat in the pantry, and she got up to see She looked out of the winder in this direction, and she saw a blue light move from our barn to the hog pen, then to the smokehouse, then to the house and run along the roof and disappear. She was so overcum that she couldn t speak for five minutes, and when she got back into bed her feet didn t git warm for an hour. Samuel, do you know what that blue light means?"'

Mr. Gallup was right there within five feet of her, and it was reasonable to believe that he heard her words, but he had nothing to say in reply.

"It means," said Mrs. Gallup as she wet the palm of her left hand with the camphor and held it to her nose, ' that I shall never see another sunrise. That was a warnin, Samuel. It was an angel flitting around to warn me that my time had come at last, and it was all arranged for Mrs. Watkins to see it and tell me. Yes, Samuel, you will soon be a widower, and I will be at rest. Are you sorry?"

Mr. Gallup was reading an item about a cucumber nine feet long grown in California, and while his face wore a smile it was doubtful whether he was smiling over Mrs. Gallup's prospective demise or the cucumber.

"I don't s'pose you are," she went on as she drew the towel a little tighter around her head. "You'll git a second wife in less'n a year, and thar won't be no end to the way you and her will gad about. You'll go to spellin bees and picnics and temperance lectur's, and if she wants a tablecloth costin 75 cents or a 2 shillin dishpan you'll break your neck to git it for her. It's bin 13 years sense you painted the kitchen floor, but I'll bet you'll do it for your second wife within a week arter you're married."

Mrs Gallup put the camphor bottle on the table and unpinned the towel that she might use it to wipe her eyes and then began to weep. Mr. Gallup didn't know of any reason why she shouldn't weep if she wanted to, and about that time also he struck a very interesting item about a new catarrh snuff and wanted to finish it.

"But I'm not complainin," said Mrs. Gallup after she had got the best of her emotions. "I'm a Fuller, and the Fullers would die afore they would complain. I did want to live until I had saved soap grease 'nuff to make a full bar'l of soft soap, but if I'm called I'm not goin to hang back. If I need any soft soap in heaven, I s'pose it'll be furnished, and you and your second wife kin buy bar soap down here or go without. Samuel, do you think you'll be lonesome the first night or two after I'm gone?"

Mrs. Gallup had another fit of weeping as she asked the question, and Mr. Gallup kicked off one of his slippers and scratched his heel and looked up at the clock and hunted over a whole page of his newspaper before he found another item to attract his attention.

"You may be," said Mrs. Gallup as she pulled at her nose with the towel, "but you kin go out and see the hogs, count the hens and pop corn and eat apples. I don't expect you'll do any weepin, but fer the looks of things you'd better look rather solemn and not go to the trained hog show which is to be held next week. All the nayburs will cum in to console you, and when they speak about what a hard-workin wife I was, and how patient I hev allus bin under all my sufferin's, you'd better purtend to wipe the tears away. You needn't really break down, but it'll look better to shed at least three tears. Samuel, when you see my shoes and dresses and stockin's around and know that I'm gone for good and won't never return will —will"—

Just then the clock struck 9. Mr. Gallup got up and proceeded to wind it, went out into the kitchen to see that the door was locked and everything all right, and as he returned to the sitting room and carried the lamp into the family bedroom Mrs. Gallup wearily rose up, took the towel in one hand and the camphor bottle in the other and followed him, with the remark:

"I guess I'll go to bed too. As long as I'm goin to expire I might as well die as comfortably as I kin, and it will save you liftin me out of the cheer and strainin your back. I won't take up much room, and I'll perish as gently as possible, and if you wake up and find me gone you'll remember that I was a wife who tried to git threw this world without making doctor bills or trouble."

A MAN WITH A SPECIALTY.

But No One Would Have Suspected Just What It Was.

When the train pulled out of the depot, every seat in the day coach, with one exception, held two persons. The exception was occupied by a middle aged man and three or four bundles. He knew that three or four passengers were standing up, but he pretended to be much interested in his newspaper and paid no heed to the gibes and jeers hurled at him. The conductor was appealed to, but he sized the man up for a bad 'un and refused to interfere. By and by a very solemn and sedate looking man in very plain clothes who had watched the proceedings with great interest said to one of the irate passengers:

"Friend, I myself am a man of peace and gentleness, but shouldst thou insist upon half that seat all my sympathy would be with thee."

The person addressed replied that he had a lame back and was not in condition for a row, and the man of peace and gentleness beckoned to another and said:

"Friend, the color of thy hair being red, it naturally follows that thou hast grit. Shouldst thou strive for half that seat over there I shou d hope for thee to conquer."

The redheaded man acknowledged to the color of the hair and the grit, but he exhibited a thumb on which he had had a

"THOU HAST GRIT."

felon for several weeks and declared his helplessness. There was yet a third man without a seat, and he was beckoned to and addressed with:

"Friend, my ways are ways of peace and gentleness, but shouldst thou see fit to claim one-half of that seat I would back thee with my counsel and hope for thy success."

The third man said that he had only one lung left and was no fighter, and for another quarter of an hour the railroad hog was permitted to enjoy himself undisturbed. Then the man of peace rose up, removed his overcoat, and advancing upon the specimen of human selfishness he said:

"Friend, pardon me whilst I chuck thy bundles on the floor."

"You let them bundles alone!" exclaimed the man as he straightened up.

They were "chucked," however, and with no gentle hand, and as the owner attempted to get up the man of peace took him by the back of the neck and the shoulder and moved him against the window and said:

"Friend, I trust thou wilt excuse me, but thee bought only half this seat."

The hog declared he would punch somebody's head, and tried his best to get on his feet, but the man of gentleness choked him and bore down on him until he gasped for breath, and then quietly said:

"There will be no punching of heads over this incident. Come here, friend, and take what belongs to thee."

One of the men advanced and sat down, and the old man returned to his overcoat and seat. Half an hour later he joined me in the smoking car, and I ventured to inquire:

"Do you belong to the order of Friends?"

"Only so far as my speech taketh me," he replied. "Nay, nay! I am but an unworthy creature whose specialty is three card monte and draw poker, and shouldst thou hanker to beat me at my own game"—

But I didn't hanker, and he moved up three seats and beat a farmer out of $15.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Coroner Who Deserves the Thanks of a Community.

A VALUED OFFICIAL.—The report of the committee appointed to look over the work of the coroner for the last six months proves that official to be the right man in the right place. In Chicago the newspapers would come right out and call him a Jim dandy, and in St Louis he would be referred to as a treasure on wheels. His books show that in the six months he has held 14 inquests, and in every single case he instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of "heart failure." We like that term. It not only has an aristocratic twang to it, but it covers everything liable to happen to misguided humanity in a new country. In each and every one of the 14 cases a full personal description has been given, all personal property carefully laid aside for future reference, and the exact spot where the victim was laid away to rest is marked in red ink on the county map A fond father or an anxious mother in search of a wayward, wandering son can arrive here by stage at 10 o'clock a. m. and before 11 have all doubts set at rest as to whether the said w. w. s. was taken off by heart failure in this neighborhood. By noon, i. buried here, flowers can be placed on his grave and a gravestone and epitaph arranged for, and when the stage leaves at 2 o'clock p. m. the parent can be one of the passengers. Under other coroners it used to take from four days to a week to hunt up the particulars concerning a man left hanging to a limb by the cowboys, and even then no one was quite sure whether he died of consumption or apoplexy We congratulate both the county and the coroner and trust that the present year may bring a boom in inquests and give the official every chance to increase and extend his reputation.

POOR SHOOTING.—Tuesday afternoon, just as we had got seated at our desk to open the mail a stranger wearing a coonskin cap opened the door of our sanctum and uttered a warwhoop and began shooting at us right and left handed. Half an hour previously we had turned over our guns to the office boy to be cleaned and reloaded, and were therefore defenseless. As we are seldom shot at thus early in the week, we were considerably surprised, and before we had moved from our chair the man had pulled trigger nine times. He was trying to get in a tenth shot when our horse editor rushed in from his room and hit him with a baseball bat and disarmed him. The blow rendered the man unconscious for two hours, and it was nearly noon next day before he was able to leave town. He would give no particulars concerning himself, and when asked why he attempted to murder us he briefly explained that he just thought he'd kill an editor. The doctors thought him a little "off" in his head and a dangerous man to be at large. Any man who can't do better shooting than he did ought not to be allowed to walk around with a couple of guns strapped to his waist. The distance from our desk to the door is only 11 feet, and yet not one of his nine bullets even chipped our clothing. Had he encountered us on the street he would probably have killed or wounded four or five people while shooting at us. There is no question of our being popped over some day, but we truly hope it will be by some grittier who knows enough to squint his left eye while drawing a bead on us.

SOCIETY EVENTS.—Several matters of social importance which have been hanging fire for many months were settled last week and our local 400 breathes easier. We are glad to announce that the attempt to abolish certain of our western idioms and substitute New York style is a failure. Ever since the first reception given in this town a reasonable latitude has been given in the matter of a full dress suit. While it was positively necessary to have a claw hammer coat, society was not critical as to a blue woolen shirt and a paper collar, and nobody was thrown out doors for wearing his trousers in his boot legs or putting on a vest made of rabbit skins. A necktie of any color could be worn or left off, and the collar could be of any shape to please the wearer. Those who demanded a radical change have got left The trousers will come out of the boot legs, and no guns will be worn in sight, but no other innovations will be sanctioned.

A somewhat acrimonious dispute has been going on for weeks as to what is the proper hour for putting in an appearance at a full dress reception. Our people have been in the habit of showing up at any time between 6 o'clock and midnight, and the attempt to pin them down to any certain hour has been looked upon by many as the first step toward overthrowing the bulwarks of American liberty. It is pretty generally agreed, however, that 8 o'clock is about the correct thing. This gives everybody a chance to grease his boots and oil his hair after supper, and if he has a game of poker on hand he can get around to it by 10 o'clock.

The wrangle over the question of refreshments has also been practically settled. It has always been the custom to place a gallon demijohn of whisky and two teacups on a bench behind the door for the delectation of the male guests and to pass sandwiches and coffee to the other sex, and we were one of those who couldn't see how this matter could be improved on. We were in the minority, however. Hereafter the whisky is to be placed in a decanter on the kitchen table, glasses substituted for teacups, and the ladies are to have sweet cake and punch. Every true gentleman prefers to wipe off his chin behind a door, and the gurgle of old rye from the mouth of a demijohn has a satisfaction in it never to be equaled by the limpid flow of a decanter, but if the rest can stand it we can. We must have society, and society must have certain rules. While we feel it hard to let go of that free and easy style so prolific of good times and thorough enjoyment, we bow to the edict of the majority and will even accept a napkin and hold a blue edged plate on our knees as a moral example to others. M. QUAD.

Choice Soon Made.

"Can we get anything to eat on the cars, papa?" anxiously inquired the little 4-year-old who was getting ready for her first long railway journey.

"Certainly, Puss," replied her father. "There will be a dining car on the train."

"But we'll get awful hungry waitin for dinner. Won't there be any breakfast car?"

"You don't understand, dear. We shall get our breakfast in the dining car."

"What'll there be to eat?"

"Well, there will be a bill of fare that will have the names of ever so many kinds of food on it. You can have beefsteak, mutton chops and fried chicken, baked potatoes, fried potatoes and boiled potatoes, ham and eggs, oatmeal, hot biscuits, graham bread, raw or cooked fruits, coffee, tea or chocolate. Now, with all that before you, what would you choose?"

"Cake."—Chicago Tribune.

The New Woman.

"I suppose the 'new woman' epidemic hasn't struck your neighborhood yet?" asked the merchant. Mr. Hayes Seed scratched his chin a minute, deep down among the roots of his whiskers, and said:

"The whut?"

"The new woman—the woman who is trying to be a man, you know."

"Oh, I guess she ain't. Er—come to think of it, they was a bearded woman in the side show last summer. Perhaps she was one of 'em."—Cincinnati Tribune.

A Lightning Phonographer.

Business Man—Can you write shorthand?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

"How many words a minute?

"I never counted 'em, but the other day when my wife found in my overcoat pocket a letter which she gave me to mail last fall I took down every word she uttered as fast as she said them."

"You'll do "—New York Weekly.

The Whistling Fiend.

"Got any chewing gum?" asked the haggard looking man, who was plainly suffering from nervous strain.

"What kind?" asked the druggist.

"Any kind, so it is noiseless. I want to give it to the fellow who works at the next desk to mine. I haven't been able to keep my books straight for a month."—Indianapolis Journal.

Accompanist.

"Yes," explained the party with the extended locks, "I make a specialty of accompaniments at functions."

He rolled a cigarette.

"I suppose," he continued, "I have played accompaniments for some of the most brilliant conversationalists of the social set."—Detroit Tribune.

A Complete Change.

The Politician—I'm completely worn out. I've been writing campaign speeches for the candidates.

The Physician—Oh, then, what you need is some good hard mental work to employ your brain.—Chicago Record.

REMEMBER there are hundreds of brands of White Lead (so called) on the market that are not White Lead, composed largely of Barytes and other cheap materials. But the number of brands of genuine

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is limited. The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and just as good as they were when you or your father were boys:

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"Davis-Chambers," "Morley."
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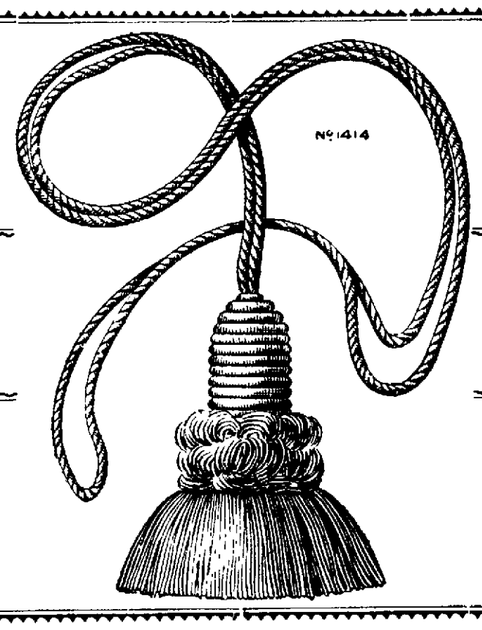

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JULIA ARTHUR'S VIEWS

The Talented Actress Assails Affectation.

SHE COMMENDS NATURALNESS.

Professional People Should Heed the Critics and Try to Correct Faults Pointed Out—Why So Many Actresses Fail to Reach the Heights They Sigh For.

The fact that Julia Arthur, who went to Europe some months ago, has just become a member of Henry Irving's company demonstrates that the following letter was prompted by sincerity. When Miss Arthur went away declaring she was going abroad to learn more of the art of acting, every one connected with theatricals was astounded, for by many if not most persons she was regarded as the strongest leading woman in America. Her views as expressed in answer to a request are as follows:

To be thoroughly artistic on the stage we should try to be perfectly natural off the stage. Affectations grow upon one if not checked in time until they become

JULIA ARTHUR.

mannerisms of the most marked kind and are frequently very offensive. In an actor or actress, therefore, they should be studiously avoided, and absolute truth should be cultivated at all times.

Ours is a grand art, a living, breathing art, and when we undertake to form part of a picture which the author has drawn with many a mental struggle and much careful study from life we should not attempt the task lightly or flippantly, but should devote mind and heart to making the picture a perfect one.

We should not say, as we all do under some circumstances, "The part does not amount to anything, and I won't waste time or study on it," because by so doing we injure our chances of a better part and acquire a carelessness which mars future work. We should study the small parts, putting aside the thought of self aggrandizement. We should give them all our thought, not as small parts, but as characters which have lived and can by our work live again. And if censured by those who look upon the picture, and who are capable of judging its merits or demerits, we should not despair; neither should we treat unjustly a criticism which, if studied carefully by us, might enable us to rid ourselves of such faults as the critic has pointed out, thereby perfecting our picture.

How can we treat lightly an art which comprises all the arts and of late years all the professions?

We are called upon to portray every phase of life. We are not called upon to act our own characters, or the author would have written of our lives. When the author has put the words into our mouths, it is our work to give those words meaning, to place before the public as truthfully and as artistically as our talent permits the character which he has conceived. How can we do so if our own characters are full of affectations, of mannerisms? They will creep into our work and mar it, for if they belong to us they cannot belong to every character we are called upon to assume. How can we hope to depict truth upon the stage if our lives are full of falsity? How hope to learn if we think we know it all? For when that thought takes possession of our minds we cease to advance in the knowledge of art and become mere parrots. Less thought of self would enable us to devote more to the representation of others.

Why speak so much of what we have done when the future, if we would be artists, demands our whole attention?

Every new part is a new study or ought to be. The last part, whether a great success or a miserable failure, should be forgotten and all thought, invention and energy brought to bear upon the new one.

One success cannot make an artist. It is merely a test. It is the first step which appears to us the most difficult. We think if we could but make one success the rest would follow. "Oh, if I could only play one great part! It would make me." We crave for one great opportunity. Well, we get it, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred what is the result?

We are so elated that we lose sight of the second little step, but it is there, and the cool headed man who sits in front has his eye on it as well as on us. He is watching to see how we take that step, how we will stand the test. And what are we doing? Are we putting ice on our heads in the way of a little cool reflection, or are we wondering how much salary we can exact of the suffering manager who wants us for his next play? Are we thinking how we will play the new part, or are we cudgeling our brains to know how the new part ought to be played? Alas, we are too frequently listening to the flattery of kind but thoughtless friends, and, like a merry go round, we enjoy it until it makes us dizzy.

They tell us we are great; that we are wanted; that we are simply perfect; that we have reached the top.

We listen, we forget the cool headed gentleman, and if we think of that second little step at all it is to imagine that we have passed far beyond it.

The gentleman in front doesn't care a snap what we think or feel. He is there to criticise the work we do.

He sees no improvement and says so. The old and the new parts are too similar, and he says so.

We read it; we are surprised; we are annoyed, very much annoyed. There is a pale bluish light in the room and an odor of sulphur, and if we allow our friends to console us and convince us that the cool headed gentleman is a brute, and that "he doesn't know what he is talking about," we go on in the dizzy height until we get a fall from which we seldom if ever recover.

But if we pause and do a little thinking on our own account, get back to terra firma, as it were, we will soon come to a realization of the fact that stage art is not the simplest of the arts, and that, although there is a woeful similarity in human nature, there is a vast difference in characters.

We can be perfect in one part, but there are others in which we might be most imperfect for the simple reason that the characters are so different, and if we would approach perfection we should be able to completely convince our audience that they are witnessing a character other than our own—make them forget our individuality in our work.

When acting is regarded as the art it really wins; when it is studied, respected and loved by all its interpreters as it ought to be lessons will be given in the theater as good and as useful as those given in the church. But it rests with us to sustain this glorious art, to save it from decay. It rests with us to infuse into it the harmony of music, the coloring and expression of the great painter, the repose of the marble, and to surround all with life, being, atmosphere. Is it a simple art, or does it mean work?

Success or failure is the answer

JULIA ARTHUR.

London, England.

THE WHEELING WORLD.

The famous Paris-Bordeaux road race will take place on May 11 and 12.

The Linscott road race will be held May 4. The first prize will be an $800 piano.

John S. Johnson has within a short time lost his mother and his fiancee by death.

Eight well established schools of cycling are flourishing in the vicinity of Central park, New York.

The Kings County wheelmen will have 25 of their fastest riders in the Irvington-Millburn road race.

The first prize in the Martin road race in Buffalo Decoration day will be a $600 horse, wagon and harness.

The police of Victoria, B. C., have decided that it is improper for the new woman to wear bloomers on the street.

J. C. Knowles of the Kings County wheelmen, who rode 6,000 miles in 60 days last season, will attempt to surpass this record this year.

Miss Willard says, "If I am asked to explain why I learned to ride the bicycle, I should say I did it as an act of grace, if not of actual religion."

THE ODD PADEWHISKIE.

A Clever Pianist Who Burlesques the Long Haired Polish Performer.

Many a prominent actor, singer and performer has been burlesqued in the heyday of his popularity by some one with a genius for mimicry. This is usually kept up by the vaudevillian until it no longer pays, when he gets up something with reference to the latest public idol.

In 1890 Will H. Fox satirized the world famous pianist, Paderewski, who was then on his first visit to this country. Fox called himself Padewhiskie, and he gave an entire comedy piano specialty, which was a success from the start. The Paderewski craze died out in a measure with the departure of the great pianist, but Fox keeps up his burlesque, which is more popular now than ever.

His case is cited to show that almost any performer with ability will be able to turn it to good account if he will only keep track of the public taste and a trifle in ad-

WILL H. FOX.

vance of it, if possible. Fox was born in Baltimore Oct. 19, 1858, and made his first appearance on any stage at the opera house, Louisville, in 1869, in songs and dances. In 1870 he appeared in the concert with Hemming, Cooper & Whitby's circus, doing Dutch songs and dances. He next joined a Dutch comedian of the name of Charley Fox, to whom he is in no way related, but the partnership lasted only a short season. Master Willie Fox, as he was then known, appeared in the leading variety theaters of America, including the Howard Athenæum, Boston, under John Stetson's management. He was then under Stalker & Hopkins' management at the Washington Varieties, Providence, for an entire season, appearing later with Washburn's "Last Sensation," doing his singing specialty and duets with La Petite Lillie (Lillie Washburn). His next engagement was with Fish & Benson's moral show, doing his Dutch specialty and the "Little Frauds" with the famous child artist, Baby Benson (Marguerite Fish). Since that time he has been the irresistibly amusing piano "virtuoso," Padewhiskie.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Petitions to Be Sent to Organize the Turkish Army.

QUELLS REVOLT OF THE SECTIONS.

Regret That He Was Compelled to Kill Frenchmen—Joachim Murat Appears. The Sword of Count Beauharnais—Falls In Love With Josephine.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.]

IX.—BEGINNING OF ORDER BY THE SWORD.

The motive of Napoleon in refusing to accept an honorable appointment in the field gives rise to speculation. His action reveals both character and policy. He deemed it not expedient to change from artillery to infantry, *unless* to the independent command of an army. He now foresaw the tremendous opportunities about to be afforded to military genius. War was to be the order of the day, not only for France, but for all Europe. The field opening for the Army of the West was narrow. A general in that quarter must assail Frenchmen only.

In La Vendee there was no British flag—as at Toulon—to add provocation, and justify attack. Loyalism there was

JOSEPHINE.

rampant, and General Hoche, who takes the place intended for Bonaparte, will find it hot work to reduce the insurgent Vendeans to subjection. The prescience of Napoleon in refusing the command lies in the question, What will become of Hoche? Moreover, the rapid changes in the military management of the Republic left little doubt in Napoleon's mind that his services would soon be sought. Finally, the striking of his name from the list of general officers was only from the list of those *on active duty*. Thus his rank was preserved with little injury to his future prospects.

On the 14th of September, 1794, Napoleon, partially restored to favor, was given the command of the artillery in a proposed expedition to Corsica; and this post he nominally held until March of 1795; but the period was without events. Meanwhile, finding himself with no command at all, he conceived what may be regarded as his first great project of statesmanship.

Bonaparte perceived that the ultimate enemy of the ascendency of France was England, and that one great arm of her power was her influence in the Eastern Mediterranean countries. This might be broken, mark it well! *by the agency of Turkey.* The thought of the Corsican was this: If the Republican administration of France will send *Mc* to Constantinople, to organize and discipline the Turkish army, then the Ottoman power will be sufficiently strengthened and Europeanized to renounce the influence of Great Britain and, in full autonomy, to become a member of a possible coalition of European powers against the common enemy of all!

During the period of his enforced inactivity at Paris, Napoleon prepared a plan intended for the National Convention, outlining his purpose. It was a virtual petition that he be sent to Constantinople, with six or seven competent officers, to organize the military power of the Turkish empire against Great Britain in the East. Bourrienne justly remarks that if the clerk of the War Office had only written the word "granted" on Napoleon's paper, that one word would probably have changed the political fate of Europe for centuries to come. Napoleon at this time was twenty-six years of age. His scheme was worthy of Richelieu, of Talleyrand, of Metternich, of Disraeli in his ripest years.

The word "granted" was not written. The French Revolution rapidly worked out its own results, and in doing so provided a place for Bonaparte according to the higher laws of destiny. After the overthrow of the Terror the Convention went on, rather temperately, to complete the new frame of government called the "Constitution of the Year III." That instrument was adopted on the 22nd of August, 1795. It proved to be not sufficiently intense for the statesmanship of the Faubourgs. The Parisian centers of agitation began to resound with denunciations of the latent aristocracy in the new plan of government. For about a month the broil was kept up by democratic pamphleteers and orators who made the basements of St. Antoine vocal and smoky with their objurgations.

Then the mobs began to rise in sacred right of insurrection. Several of the Forty-eighth Sections took up arms against the Convention; and that great body was imperiled by the onrushing of a counter revolution. Matters came to a crisis in the beginning of October. The Convention had to protect itself by force or perish. Swift, swift was the work now necessary to be done. The stifled, but not extinct, Jacobinism of Paris began to bellow; and mobs from the disaffected quarters of the city came on tumultuously to assail the Convention Hall and overthrow the existing government.

Never has history shown a more dramatic scene than that which now ensued. It was the 5th of October, 1795. In the peril of the hour the Convention drew to itself the troops that were still faithful to the established order. A commander was necessary. By a hasty decree this dangerous honor was conferred on Paul Francois Barras, president of the Convention. He was intrusted with the fearful responsibility of protecting the body and preserving, if possible, the half-ripe—but ripening—fruits of six years of legislative toil and travail. He had already shown himself capable in two preceding riots. This one, however, was more formidable. What he most of all needed in the emergency was a real commander, who had the courage and skill to extemporize, with all haste, a division of troops for the defense of the government. Barras arose in his place, and nominated as his lieutenant and second in command Napoleon Bonaparte. He had seen that officer at his guns before Toulon.

Napoleon himself was sitting, obscurely, in the gallery when his name was presented for the perilous duty. He accepted; and immediately there was speedy work. A young officer, whom Napoleon knew, Joachim Murat by name—whom history will presently record as the great cavalry general of the empire—was sent with all speed out to the Champ de Sablons, to whirl in the batteries stationed there. In a few hours guns were planted around the Convention Hall, and at the near-by bridges of the Seine, commanding all lines of approach; and at the breeches stood grim gunners with lighted matches.

Here, then, was business for life or death. The insurrection rolled itself in great volumes along the streets. It might be seen coming on like the sea. The Section Lepelletier leads the van. The insurgents get possession of the church of St. Roch, nearby, and then of Pont Neuf, and then bristle up face to face with the guns of the Corsican. There is not a moment's hesitation. The order to fire is quick and sharp. The Convention Hall is suddenly shaken to foundation stones with the roar of artillery. The guns are loaded with grape and canister. Horrid gaps are cut in long bloody alleys through the insurgent mob. Men—Frenchmen—are blown by hundreds to horrid death. They go back before the hail of destruction. The National Convention is saved. General Bonaparte has the honor of suppressing the last mob of the French Revolution!

Strange to note what the effect of all this was on the man himself. He was in nowise jubilant. Indeed he had hesitated for a half hour before accepting the place of general against the revolted Sections. In his report he covered up his own responsibility—as the facts gave him opportunity to do—making it appear, contrary to his wont, that not *he*, but *others*, had put down the mob. He had acted only under orders of the National Convention and General Barras! Ever through life, moreover, he looked back with regret to this hour and event of his career. Doubtless, at bottom, he was a Jacobin himself; but he was an Imperial Jacobin. The two elements in his character did not consist; the one was at war with the other.

Thus much only is certain, that Napoleon would gladly have had his great triumph over the Parisian insurgents blotted from the record. No doubt he was at heart at one with insurrection; but he was also the friend of order.

His success in restoring order in the capital may be said to have made Napoleon famous. He had already become an adviser of the Committee of Public Safety. Indeed he held that relation before his name was stricken from the list of generals in active service. Eleven days after the suppression of the Sections, he was made *provisionally* General of Division, and four days afterwards the "provisionally" was struck out, and he was appointed commander of the Army of the Interior, having as its central field of operations Paris itself.

Destiny reserved for the winter of 1795-96 another capital fact in the life of her devotee. Napoleon found Josephine. He first met her at the house of Barras. She belonged to the Societe des Victimes—"Society of the Victims." To enter this band of the new elite Parisiennes, one must have lost recently a near relative by the guillotine! Josephine had lost one—her husband. The Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais had married Marie Josephe Rose Tascher, the beautiful Creole of Martinique, in December of 1779. She was then in her seventeenth year. In 1780 the Vicomte came to America with Rochambeau. Afterwards he was a deputy in the States-General, and was twice president of the National Convention. He commanded, under Custine, at Mentz, in 1793, when that place was surrendered to the Germans. To surrender was death. He was haled to trial, condemned and guillotined only five days before the collapse of the Terror. When Robespierre fell, the Societe des Victimes was formed. The light creatures took wing like butterflies from the blood-pools of the Place de la Revolution. They still wore crepe on their arms when they began to dance anew in Greek sandals and chignons and classical scarfs girdled at the waist. Napoleon saw one of them, and admired and loved.

So he told Bourrienne, while pointing out Josephine one evening at a fashionable cafe. There was a swift court-ship. A story goes that Eugene Beauharnais went to Napoleon to recover his father the Vicomte's sword, which had been taken at the disarmament of the Sections. The youth got the sword, kissed it, won the General's sympathy—and Madame de Beauharnais came to thank her benefactor. If this happened, she knew him already; and he knew her. The marriage occurred on the 9th of March, 1796. The disparity of ages was six years and two months. To close this chasm, the marriage certificate dated her birth forward four years, and antedated his by nineteen months. Documents must conform to the exigencies of the great!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

WOMEN IN THE SPRING

They Need Nothing So Much as Paine's Celery Compound.

In the spring women need Paine's celery compound.

The average American woman, says a well known writer, wears herself out twenty years before her time. She begins the wearing-out process as a child, staying up at night until the whole family retires; and keeps it up as a growing girl, staying awake until ten or eleven o'clock, when she should be asleep by nine; and as a women she has so many things to do and to keep up with that she positively hasn't a minute to rest.

By and by her cheeks grow thin and haggard; languor takes the place of her old-time high spirits; she has a generally worn-out air; her nerves are gnawed by pain, and sleeplessness makes fearful inroads upon her health.

Her physician tells her simply that her nervous system is exhausted, and that help must come by feeding the brain and entire nervous tract, richly, rapidly, and completely. It is the experience of the most careful medical men in this country that nothing proves so uniformly successful as Paine's celery compound in cases of brain-weariness, nervous inability, failure of vital force, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and for restoring health and vigor to the brain and body when exhausted by overwork or dissipation.

Every such weary, nervous, thin-blooded person should take Paine's celery compound. It makes such people well.

Paine's celery compound improves the general health by making new, ruddy blood and refreshing the nerves.

It reanimates the languid body, and vitalizes the important organs so that they work in harmony with each other.

The accomplished editor of the Oakland, Ill., Ledger, a portrait of whose wife is given above, says in his paper editorially:

"Our leading druggist, Dr. W. G. Gregory, informs us that his sales of Paine's celery compound have been wonderful; infact, he states that he has in six months sold more celery compound than all the other medicines combined. There has been a constant demand for it.

"One of the noticeable cures that this medicine has made is the case of Mr. Phil Clinard, who was last spring a Republican candidate for county treasurer. Mr. Clinard's nerves were all unstrung; he had no appetite, and was all rundown. He commenced using Paine's celery compound, and today there is not a more well and vigorous citizen in this whole community than Mr. Clinard. Another case that comes closer is that of the wife of the editor of the Ledger. Everyone in Oakland knows that Mrs. Yeargin was confined to her bed for three whole months with neuralgia. At times her pains were awful, so much so that her hands would clinch and it took the united strength of two persons to straighten out her fingers. Dr. Garvey, the family physician, treated her for months, but all he could do was to alleviate the pains, not effecting a cure. Along last winter she commenced using Paine's celery compound.

"She commenced to gain in flesh at once. Her pain all went away; her vitality increased weekly, and today there is not a more healthy woman in town than she. Her neighbors all marvel at her complete recovery, and ask her the cause, and she has no hesitancy in saying that it is all due to Paine's celery compound. This is given voluntarily in the hopes that others who are afflicted may be profited by using this great medicine, which today is without a peer in the land."

THE HIGHEST AWARD

That could possibly be granted by the World's Fair Commissioners, was given to the manufacturers of

Willimantic★Star Thread

For quality, strength, smoothness, uniformity of texture—for everything that enters into the manufacture of perfect spool cotton Willimantic Star Thread always leads the world. One trial will convince you of its superior value. Ask your dealer for it.

Send 24c and receive six spools of thread any color or number, together with four bobbins for your machine, neatly wound and an interesting book on thread and sewing. Free. Be sure and mention the name and number of your machine. WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

Reading for the Home

The Publishers of The Weekly Independent

Have entered into an arrangement whereby they are enabled to give to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews, without extra cost, two excellent monthly journals.

AMERICAN FARMER AND FARM NEWS.

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WOMANKIND.

The opportunity to procure the three productions will last but a short time, and the opportunity should not be lost.

THE INDEPENDENT CO

MASSILLON, O.

People read the advertisements in a live newspaper. Moral: Advertise in "The Independent."

L&N

Best Route Southeast South Southwest is the Louisville and Nashville Railroad

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO PROSPECTIVE SETTLERS.

Full information cheerfully furnished upon application to

JACKSON SMITH, Div. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.
C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

L&N

A LADY'S TOILET
Is not complete without an ideal
COMPLEXION POWDER.

POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine.

IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

In our adv two weeks ago we told of our very superior all-steel hand and power feed cutter to be offered at

$10 worth $40

Last week we told of the process of galvanizing and its indispensable preservative qualities. Next week we will give you the experience of two representative business firms of Illinois, one of whom has sold 400 and the other 500 Aermotors. The week following we will quote a price on the best pumps made of steel galvanized tanks, with covers, at the unheard of price of 2½ cents per gallon. This is cheaper than wood. They do not shrink, leak rot, rust or give taste to water.

The Aermotor Company treats the public generously. While state legislatures are passing laws to secure repairs for farm machinery at reasonable prices IT IS A FACT THAT THE AERMOTOR COMPANY HAS FOR THE YEAR 1896 BEEN COMPELLED TO RAISE ITS PRICES ON REPAIRS BECAUSE SOME OF ITS CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN ORDERING INDIVIDUAL PARTS TO MAKE UP COMPLETE MACHINES, SINCE IN THAT WAY THEY COULD GET A MACHINE CHEAPER THAN BY ORDERING IT ASSEMBLED. *People are not compelled to buy machinery, they are compelled to buy repairs. The Aermotor Company was in the respectable business of selling repairs to customers who assemble machines. It is not certain that they would see the machine sold so low that customers could assemble a machine at less than the price of certain rivals in future. Not only has the Aermotor Company always given the best goods at the lowest price, but it has now ESTABLISHED VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IN ORDER TO HAVE NOT ONLY ITS GOODS EASILY ACCESSIBLE, BUT TO HAVE ITS REPAIRS WITHIN EASY REACH.* It expects soon to greatly increase this number of houses. This is a matter of the greatest importance to those who are purchasing machinery. Accidents will happen and a wise man will look to it when he is buying an article that repairs can quickly be had at reasonable cost. Our very low prices and high standards on everything connected with water supply and power production by wind, together with the accessibility of a full line of our goods and repairs, will be appreciated.

Aermotor Co., Chicago.

DR. SPINNEY & CO.

The Old Reliable Specialists

33 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE TREATMENT OF NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND SPECIAL DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

YOUNG MEN

Troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Organic Weakness, Kidney and Bladder affections, or any form of Special Disease, can here find a safe and speedy cure. CHARGES REASONABLE, especially to the poor.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES cured without mercury or injurious drugs, and all chronic ailments of the Nose, Throat, Bones, Mucous patches in the Mouth, Blotches, Warty Growths, Varicocele, Ulcers and Painful Swellings, Piles, Fistula and Rectal Ulcers cured without pain.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. Many are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, causing a slight burning or smarting sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urine a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen will appear, or the color be dark and cloudy, or too high, again changing to a dark or turbid appearance. Many men, ignorant of the cause of their difficulty which is the second stage of growing into weakness, we guarantee a perfect cure in such cases. Also for the restoration of the wasted powers of man. CONSULTATION FREE. Call or Write for a Question List and Book for Special HOME treatment.

DR. SPINNEY & CO., CLEVELAND, O.
48 Public Square. Private Entrance 118 Champlain St.
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DONT TOWER'S GET WET FISH BRAND FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

This man got wet.

DONT TOWER'S GET WET FISH BRAND FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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18 North Erie St., — Massillon, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1868.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.

Telephone No. 60.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

The examination of the funds of the county treasury shows that Treasurer Geib has a balance in his favor of $1,065. There will be no deficits under this administration.

The operations of the postoffice usually show the local business situation as accurately as anything. The receipts for the year ending March 31st, at Massillon, exceeded those of the previous year by a little over 3½ per cent.

The Ohio man is running things in New York, just now. Mayor Strong, who went East from Mansfield, has now appointed General Thomas Ewing, formerly of Ohio, counsel to the superintendent of buildings, at a salary of $5,000.

The retail price of eggs in Massillon on Saturday was 12½ cents; butter, 20 cents; potatoes, 80 cents. These figures come from a prominent retail grocer. In Canton, on the same date, the market house prices were as follows: Eggs, 14 cents; butter, 15 to 20 cents; potatoes, 75 cents. The average seems to be about the same.

Now is the time for the people who were so eager to secure oil leases in this vicinity to do some drilling. There is some oil in this locality, as was proved at the time of the drilling for natural gas, a few years ago. Quite a large quantity was pumped out of the hole on the Welker property, and very likely some systematic drilling would develop a find.

The Newman correspondent "calls down" a newspaper writer who has mentioned some supposed incidents in John McBride's career, particularly that in which Mr. McBride is assumed to have had something to do with the bringing of Governor McKinley before the public, in 1876. The Newman correspondent speaks by the card, but if anybody is to be "called down" it should be Citizen McBride, who tells the story, and not the reporter thereof.

Something like $70,000 in cash was paid out in wages, in Massillon, on Saturday, and a great deal of it got into circulation before the close of the dyy. It was a reminder of the Saturdays that were common before the Cleveland blight fell upon business, and it seems not unreasonable to believe that equally large sums will now be forthcoming from week to week. Fortunately our establishments have been such as could weather the storm, and they are emerging in magnificent form. Most of our people now have work. There is in sight a realization of the old campaign song:

Our factories are booming
There is plenty in the land.
Uncle Sam is doing business
At the same old stand.

The Portland (Me.) Express of recent date says:

"At the tenth annual meeting of the Associated Ohio dailies, the editor of THE MASSILLON EVENING INDEPENDENT, read a paper, which is printed in the current number of Newspaperdom. The subject of the paper was 'For Better Newspaper English,' and the writer advanced the new theory that professional newspaper writers should pass an examination and be registered as doctors, lawyers, dentists and school teachers are. There may be need for that sort of thing in Ohio, but our New England owners and publishers keep a registration book of their own and a professional writer who could not pass the examination that THE INDEPENDENT proposes couldn't get a job as a writer if he were starving."

The foregoing shows that what was suggested as a new idea, is merely an adaptation of a plan that has been in use in New England for years, and found useful and entirely practicable.

Mr Cleveland, who, with all his faults is loyal to the doctrine of sound currency, and master of a style of expression as rare as it is valuable, sums up the whole financial story in this paragraph:

"If our people were isolated from all others and if the question of our currency could be treated without regard to our relations to other countries, its character would be a matter of comparatively little importance. In these restless days the farmer is tempted by the assurance that, though our currency may be debased, redundant and uncertain, such a situation will improve the price of his products. Let us remind him that he must buy as well as sell; that his dreams of plenty are shaded by the uncertainty that if the price of the things he has to sell is nominally enhanced, the cost of the things he must buy will not remain stationary; that the better prices which cheap money proclaims, are unsubstantial and elusive, and that even if they were real and palpable, he must necessarily be left far behind in the race for their enjoyment. An insidious attempt is made to create a prejudice against the advocates of a safe and sound currency by the insinuation, more less directly made, that they belong to financial and business classes, and are therefore not only out of sympathy with the common people of the land, but for selfish and wicked purposes are willing to sacrifice the interests of those outside their circle."

The terse sentences quoted are worth reading many times. They puncture the balloon of the inflationists by drawing attention anew to the fact that while they promise enhanced prices to those who have to sell, they forget to mention that equally high prices will confront those who have to buy.

LESSONS IN LAW—II.

The salary of the city solicitor is $600 per annum, and he is required to give bond for one thousand dollars. It is his duty to proceed under a state law providing "for the organization and government of municipal corporations," and it is his further duty as set forth in the ordinances, to prosecute or defend any cases of any kind in which the city is interested. He must draw all ordinances when requested to do so by the council or any member thereof, and is constituted the legal adviser of the city in all matters. If the city solicitor fails to attend any meeting of the council, after having had reasonable notice thereof, he shall be fined $10 and costs. This also applies to the city engineer and the city clerk.

The city treasurer is allowed a salary of $200 and is under bond for $50,000. Aside from this the ordinances say nothing as to his duties.

The city clerk is paid $500 a year and gives bond for one thousand dollars. It is his duty to keep the books and records of the city, to certify all copies of his records, and for this is entitled to the fees allowed by law to other officers for like service. The books of his department are not to leave his possession, except for use in court or by printers. For failure to keep the books in his office he is subject to a fine not exceeding $25.

THE INCOME TAX.

This is the last day upon which income tax returns may be filed without incurring the penalty. Some careful compiler has re-written the law in a nutshell, and it is so well drawn that THE INDEPENDENT reprints it:

1. The income tax is now in force.
2. The tax is levied on incomes received between January 12, 1894, and December 31, 1894.
3. The amount of the tax is two per cent.
4. Citizens of the United States—residents or non-residents—and resident aliens are subject to the tax on all incomes. Non-resident aliens are taxed on income derived from any source in the United States.
5. Incomes of $4,000 or less are exempt from taxation.
6. On incomes exceeding $4,000 the tax is levied only on the portion of the income exceeding $4,000.
7. Incomes are taxable, no matter from what source derived, except (a), Those derived from rents of real estate: (b), Those derived from interest on state or municipal bonds.
8. Only one deduction of $4,000 is made from the aggregate income of members of any family composed of one or more persons and minor children.
9. Where corporations pay taxes on their incomes, individual stockholders are not taxed upon income derived from dividends on the stock of such corporations.
10. Each person having an income of more than $3,500 per year must make a return of such income to the collector or deputy collector of internal revenue to the district in which he resides.
11. Guardians and trustees must make returns for their wards or cestuique trust.
12. Returns this year must be made on or before April 15. In succeediag years before the first Monday in March.
13. The tax is payable on or before July 1.
14. It is made the duty of the collector to assess the amount of the income of persons who fail to make returns, and add 50 per cent to the amount of the tax as a penalty.
15. Five per centum will be added for all taxes unpaid ten days after notice and demand, and interest of one per centum per month added as a penalty, except for estates of deceased, insane or insovent persons.
16. For a false return a penalty of one hundred per cent. on the amount of the tax is imposed.
17. Salaries of state, county or municipal officers are not subject to the income tax.

THE INTEREST ACCOUNT.

Ex-City Clerk Bayliss Shows That it is in Good Condition.

Ex-City Clerk Bayliss calls attention to an erroneous deduction drawn from the statement in yesterday's issue, concerning the city finances. The article stated that the interest fund contained but $1,395 59 at present, while the annual interest account, payable semi-annually, was over $8,000. The point was made that the fund did not contain enough to pay the half yearly interest. "The wrong impression is created by the figures," said Mr. Bayliss, "as the fact is that the first half of the interest payable this year has already been turned out of the fund, and hence its low condition. Before the next half year's interest is due, the next apportionment will have been made and the fund will again be full. The truth of the matter is, the funds as a whole are in as good shape as they ever were at this season of the year, and all due obligations are satisfied."

Ikirt and the Seeds.

Dr. Ikirt, formerly congressman, and now, by the grace of Providence, a private citizen, is disturbed on the seed question.

"Those seeds don't belong to Mr. Tayler," replied Dr. Ikirt. "Mr. Tayler knows better than to make the statement that he does, I think. Mr. Tayler isn't entitled to any of the Fifty-fourth congress's seed until that body convenes. These seeds I distributed are the Fifty-third congress' allotment. Tayler isn't entitled to any seeds until next December."

"What did you do with those seeds, Doctor?"

"Sent 'em to the Nebraska sufferers. Sent all of 'em except the garden seeds which I distributed in my own district."

Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to the whole body.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

THE BOARD ORGANIZES.

Both Woman Members Take Part in the Proceedings.

The old board of education met at J. F. Pocock's office, Monday evening. All members were present. The meeting was called to order by President Huber, after which the clerk read the minutes of the last meeting. W. K. L. Warwick, James C. Corns, Miss Elizabeth Folger and Mrs. Harriet Doddridge, the newly elected members, were then sworn in. The ladies sat quietly through the entire meeting, taking part in the proceedings only when a motion was put to vote or when they were individually concerned.

The work of organizing the new board was then commenced. President Huber proposed the name of Dr. Miller for the presidency. Thereupon Dr. Miller nominated Mr. Huber for re-election. It was moved and seconded that the election be put to vote. Ballots were procured and distributed among the members. Mr. Huber was re-elected as president for the ensuing year by a vote of 5 to 3. Dr. Mill was, by acclamation, elected president pro tem.

Mr. Young moved that the salary of the clerk be increased to $250 a year. The motion carried. W. B. Humberger was re-elected clerk and was requested to furnish bond in the sum of $1,000.

It was decided that the levy for the ensuing year be fixed at seven mills.

Superintendent Jones reported that an additional room had been added to the West Tremont street building and that Miss Houriet had assumed the position as teacher.

Dr. Miller stated that in his opinion the board should decide upon some apartment as a permanent meeting place. Mr. Young proposed the council chamber. An objection was raised to this on the ground that owing to the publicity of the council chamber it might be distasteful to the woman members. Miss Folger responded, stating that so far as she was concerned personally the council chamber would be satisfactory, or at least it could be given a trial, and if anything objectionable arose a change could be made.

Members Miller and Corns were appointed as a committee to look into the matter and to report at the next meeting.

There being no further business to be transacted, the board adjourned.

MR. WAGNER LAUGHS.

Also He is Satisfied that Marriage is a Failure.

Louis Wagner, who conducts a saloon near the rolling mill, returned to his residence Monday evening, only to find the door locked and his wife away from home. This angered Mr. Wagner very much, and after gaining an entrance to the house he decided that marriage was a failure and household goods a great nuisance. While in this frame of mind, Mr. Wagner grasped the stove, and with a mighty effort sent it crashing through the window. Chairs, pictures and such other articles as came in his way met a similar fate. After demolishing everything in sight, this impulsive gentleman sat down and viewed the shattered remains of his once cosy house furnishings and then laughed a harsh, discordant laugh, and with this still ringing in his ears he retired to his bed room to sleep the sleep of the just and the righteous.

OUT OF MASSILLON DISTRICT.

The W. & L. E. Co. Retires and a New Concern Enters the Fiele.

Reliable information reaches THE INDEPENDENT that the Wheeling & Lake Erie and Pittsburg Coal Company has disposed of its coal interests in the Massillon district to the Western Ohio Coal Company. The new company consists of local and Northwestern capitalists, and is entirely independent of any railroad interests. The W. & L. E. and P. Company will pay strict attention to their mining interests in the Jefferson county coal fields. A shaft will be sunk at once by the new company on the Samuel Miller farm, near Sippo.

COAL IN CLEVELAND.

It is Selling at Two Dollars Per Ton at Retail.

There was another slump in the retail price of Massillon coal at Cleveland on Monday, and it is now retailing at two dollars per ton regularly. That means a corresponding cut in wholesale and jobbing prices, and everybody except the consumer is losing money merrily, and the end of the battle is not in sight. Naturally there is a big demand for coal, and people who can afford to invest their capital are putting in their next winter's supply.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Fahs.

Mrs. Emma F. Fahs, wife of David H. Fahs, who resides in West Tremont street, died suddenly Monday night. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Fahs was taken dangerously ill. A physician was summoned, who, after an examination, stated that her life could not be prolonged and that it was but a matter of a few days when death would ensue. Mrs. Fahs was fully cognizant of her condition and welcomed death as a happy change. Monday afternoon she sank into insensibility, from which she never revived, death ensuing at 7:30 o'clock. Mrs. Fahs was 37 years of age and is the mother of five children, all of whom, with her husband, survive her. The funeral was held at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, from the residence, the Rev. N. E. Moffit officiating. Dr. J. L. McGhie, who attended her during her illness, attributes her death to gastritis with perotonitis.

"I pray you, Master Lieutenant," said Sir Thomas Moore, as he ascended the scaffold, "see me safe up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself." "A dauntless soul erect, who smiled at death," said Thompson. He suffered martyrdom but once at the hand of the headsman, but how many suffer it every day through the slow but insidious hand of disease. He put his faith in princes and was lost; put yours, oh! suffering female, in the curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and be saved from hours of suffering. It cures every form of woman's weakness, strengthens the pelvic organs, and forever checks those "beauty destroying" diseases so common to your sex.

COUNTY SEAT DOINGS.

CANTON, April 15.—A motion for a new trial in the Perskey-Canton-Massillon Electric railway case was presented by Mr. Perskey's attorneys on Friday. The motion has been over-ruled by Judge Taylor.

The January term of common pleas court ends today. The May term will be commenced on Monday, May 6.

The body of the tramp, Riley, who was shot and killed by Officer Stacy at Stark siding, on Saturday, has been claimed by Riley's parents, who reside at Genoa, N. Y. The body will be shipped today.

Mayor Cassidy will retire from office tonight, and Mayor-elect James Rice will be installed. The members of the police force have purchased a costly and handsome cane which they will present as a token of esteem.

PROBATE COURT.

Charles A. Dougherty has been appointed administrator of the estate of Frank C. Meyer, of Canton, and administrator of the estate of Joseph A. Meyer, of Bagdad.

In the estate of Sarah T. Townsend, of Alliance, the sale of real estate has been confirmed.

Samuel Hilton has been apyointed guardian of Hazel and Lothi Hoppes, of Washington township.

An inventory has been filed in Geo. W. Sandal's estate, Marlboro township.

The examiners of the county treasury have filed their report, which has been approved and ordered published.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Allen Keller and Katie Wishman, of Navarre; and John Waren and Florence Arnold, of Massillon.

CANTON, April 16.—This city was into a state of excitement late Monday afternoon over the reported finding of a badly decomposed body in a barrel, on the Hiram Sells farm. The find was made by a farm hand. He noticed the barrel lying near some rabbish and kicked in the head thinking the cask might be made useful about the farm. The first thing that met his gaze, after the barrel had been opened, was a human skull. The man did not stop to investigate but rushed to the house and informed Mr. Sell that he had found a corpse. Mr. Sell telephoned for the coroner, and on the latter's arrival the barrel was found to contain, with a number of other castaway articles, a skull and a half dozen human bones, which evidently had been discarded by some physician, who had, no doubt, been dissecting a body. The skull had been sawed into several pieces. The coroner says there can be no mystery surrounding the case.

George Doup has sued for a divorce from Agnes Doup. The two were married in Canton on December 24, 1885. Mrs. Doup is charged with gross neglect and with desertion.

G. B. Snyder, postmaster at Youngstown, and Miss Nettie Walter, postal clerk under Postmaster Monnot, in Canton, will be married this evening at the Walter residence.

The new Canton council was organized last night. Henry Dermering was elected president, and F. H. Belden was elected city clerk.

PROBATE COURT.

Private sale of personal property has been confirmed in the estate of Jonas Braucher, of Jackson township.

Charles M. Henry has been appointed administrator of the estate of Clara Halter McAuley, of New York.

In the estate of Wm. Townsend, of Alliance, inventory and appraisement bill filed, also a public sale of real estate has been ordered.

In the guardianship of Gertie Wenger, of Canton, first account filed.

A petition to marshal liens in the assignment of Johns Bacher, has been filed.

The case of George Renzinbrink's estate against the C. C. & S. railway was settled for $200. Renzinbrink who was a brakeman, was accidentally killed.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Edward Wright and Margaret Adley, of Navarre, and George B. Snyder and Nettie C. Walter, of Canton.

CANTON, April 17.—A petition was filed in court today in which Christiana B. Leonhart prays for a divorce from Harry L. Leonhart. Both are now residents of Canton, but were married at Sherrodsville, Carroll county, in July, 1892. It is alleged that the defendant, Mr. Leonhart, is guilty of habitual drunkenness and of being extremely cruel. Mrs. Loenhart claims that he choked her until she was speechless, and that on November 18, 1894, her husband beat her with a club until she was forced to flee for safety. Mrs. Leonhart desires the custody of their child an to be restored to her maideh name.

PROBATE COURT.

Sale of land has been confirmed in the estate of Wm. Hugus, of Alliance.

The will of Vendalin Balme, of Louisville, has been filed for probate.

The guardian of the Kaemer heirs, in Tuscarawas township, has filed a final account.

In the estate of Emma J. Hammer, of Perry township, an inventory has been filed.

W. F. Miller has been appointed guardian of Mabel Geib, of Lake township.

The final account has been filed in the estate of Esther Fockler, of Canton.

In the assignment of Thomas J. Brosius a distribution of funds has been ordered.

An inventory and appraisement has been filed in the estate of Daniel Hoffman, of Sugar Crook township.

In the guardianship of John W. Philippi, of Canton, the appraisement of real estate bond was approved and sale of real estate confirmed.

A marriage license has been granted to Justin Bailet and Lucy Fallot, of Louisville.

You Can't Get Rich

By gaining the $500 reward offered by Dr. R. V. Price to any person finding a mineral poison or injurious drug in his "Pleasant Pellets"—for there's no such thing in them. But you can get well—and health is the first step towards fortune—by taking the "Pellets" whenever troubled with biliousness, constipation, indigestion, jaundice and other derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

CARL BROWNE BOUND OVER.

Justice Folger Holds that He is Guilty as Charged.

The preliminary proceedings in the Seaman-Browne libel case were concluded late Saturday afternoon. Justice Folger decided that Browne's accusations were of a libelous nature and bound him over to court in the sum of $200. In the argument Mr. McCaughey, the attorney for the plaintiff, stated that any person who writes, prints or publishes any false personal statement is guilty of criminal libel. This statement must not necessarily be a criminal charge, but even a publication of a malicious or mischievous statement is libelous.

Mr. McCaughey further stated that filing an affidavit in court could not be termed a libel, but if after the affidavit has been filed it is published by the party by whom the charge is made and after proven malicious and false, said person is guilty of criminal libel. The allegations of the plaintiff are that Browne's published statements, to the effect that Officer Seaman was prevailed upon to violate his oath of office by deserting his duty, are entirely false. "How can you degrade an officer more," continued Mr. McCaughey, "than by circulating a charge of this kind? Can this be termed else than libel? Messrs. Seaman and Borton have both testified that they simply bid each other the time in passing. The defendant's witnesses have contradicted themselves and did not hear the alleged conversation between Seaman and Borton." Stating that this was simply his preliminary argument Mr. McCaughey sat down.

Mr. Welty's argument for the defendant was based upon the fact that no offense had been committed. He claimed the Cactus was justified in publishing the affidavit as is any other paper, but that no one had the right to comment upon whether or not the accused was guilty, referring to a section which declares that all proceeding in any court are subject to publication unless publication is prohibited by judge or justice. The report may not be verbatim and can be condensed, but must be impartial. Mr. Welty asked Justice Folger to strip himself of any feeling in regard to political party. "I am not a supporter of Populism," said Mr. Welty. "I have pledged myself to another party, but I believe they constitutionally have the right to free belief and speech. Let it not be said that in your court the liberty of the press shall be abridged as long as it is not abusive. Do you believe, your honor, that Seaman and Borton did not hold a whispered consultation from the testimony presented? Does your honor believe for a moment that there was not an existing scheme when Borton remarked that 'the thing did not work right' and that 'the light went out too quick.' We are familiar with the saying 'where was Moses when the light went out?' Now it is the question where was Seaman when the light went out. I do believe from the testimony that Seaman was prevailed upon to absent himself. Had I been Mr. Seaman I would never have courted an investigation. In conclusion I say that there is an abundance of proof here to justify the Cactus and other papers in publishing the affidavit and proof that Seaman left the meeting by request."

Mr. McCaughey again addressed the court conceding the rights of political parties, and the press, to free speech. "But it is," said he, "the abuse of this privilege, that we have based our own action upon. We have no right to interfere with the freedom of speech, and of the press, except when abusive and malicious. I simply claim that the publications were libelous."

The case was then submitted to the decision of the court. Justice Folger gave the utmost attention to the testimony presented by both the plaintiff and defendant and their witnesses, and refused to permit either attorney to be limited in the time required for presenting the argument. Mr. Folger read section after section from the best authority on like cases, and finally stated that there was no doubt in his mind, but that the rights of free speech and press had been abused, and that he had come to the conclusion that the case came directly under the provision of sections in the statute dwelling on criminal libel, and would therefore require the defendant, Mr. Browne, to post a bond of $200 to appear before the next term of probate court.

BUSINESS FAIRLY BOOMED.

Lots of Money Put Into Local Circulation Saturday.

Retail business boomed everywhere on Saturday, and the reason was plain. With the exception of Hess, Snyder & Co. the employes of every manufactory in Massillon and those at the surrounding mines were paid. The wage distribution amaunted to between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. This is the largest amount thus spent in fully eighteen months. From the Merchants National bank the Russell & Co. employes were paid in sums aggregating $32,000. The workmen employed at the Massillon bridge works, rolling mills and the Warthorst & Co. quarry were paid from the Union National bank, the distribution being about $15,000.

The mine pay rolls were drawn from the various banks. The merchants were busy from morning to night and the sales were larger than those of any day since the holidays. It was impossible for many of the business men and their clerks to leave their respective stores even long enough to secure lunch and dinner. A shoe merchant whose place of business is in South Erie street, says that he disposed of more goods on Saturday than he has in any single day in his recollection. "The rush began at 2 o'clock," said he, "and it kept up until midnight."

Nothing but bargains at the Boston 5 and 10c store, No. 10 South Erie street. Will be opened in a few days.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon April 16:

LADIES.

Davis, Maggie — Miller, Nancy
Harmon, Miss Mary

MEN.

Gallatin, Willie — Petterson, Thomas
Houriet, Edward — Rankin, C. W. L.
Jones, E. H. — Tucker, C. C.
McClure, George

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

CLEMENT RUSSELL, P. M.

A CHEW, TO CHEW. A SMOKE TO SMOKE.

NO NERVES QUAKING. NO HEART PALPITATING. NO DYSPEPTIC ACHING.

MAIL POUCH

ANTI-NERVOUS DYSPEPTIC

NOTES FROM NEWMAN.

Mining Outlook Gloomy—Brick Works Booming.

NEWMAN, April 17.—Mrs. D. K. Weidner and children visited her mother at Canal Fulton, last Thursday.

Roger Gaffney, one of our oldest inhabitants, whose headquarters are now at the county infirmary, spent last Saturday with friends here. Roger is high in his praise of the management of Superintendent Gerwig, and is much pleased with his treatment.

The many friends of Newton Phillips, for a long time a resident of this vicinity, will be pleased to learn that he was elected marshal of Hubbard, this spring, after a hard struggle against a very popular opponent.

Mrs. Thomas Masters returned home Sunday, after attending the Daughters of Rebekah convention, at Springfield.

Mrs. Josie Jenkins and Mrs. Ben Edwards, of East Greenville, circulated among their many Newman friends on Monday of this week.

The mining situation continues to remain in a deplorable condition, with no visible prospects of immediate relief. Starvation wages and no work at that, makes an honest miner fell as though life was scarcely worth living, for it is certainly a very discouraging position to be placed in, and almost sufficient to drive men desperate. Yet we live in hopes if we do die in despair.

Our brick works, under the efficient management of Wm. Hipp, are running along every day on nine hour turns, and we trust the market will warrant a continuance of the above all summer.

Who is the Massillonian that writes a reminiscence to the Canton Repository and Cleveland Press, claiming John McBride as the original instrument in making Governor McKinley conspicuous during the mining trouble of 1876? Now, when that writer goes back to the mining troubles of 1876, or possibly better known as the "Warmington riot," we assume to have a little knowledge of that part of the programme, and have no hesitancy in saying that the writer of the reminiscence referred to grossly colors the truth in every particular, and neither Governor McKinley or any of his friends have any cause whatever to thank John McBride for any of his success in life. When we read the reminiscence in the Press some time ago we concluded that some Cleveland reporter had drawn on his imagination merely to fill up his pages; but now, that it appears nearer home, we thought it best to "call him down."

George Edwards, one of our old-time residents, is seriously ill, and the attending physician, Dr. Dissinger, entertains little hope of his recovery.

Mrs. Archibald Findley spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. John Pollock, in North Lawrence.

Our Sunday school Easter services, under the personal care of the superintendent, A. L. Williams, last Sunday evening, was an especial treat to the large audience. The singing was excellent, and the performers all did their parts well. The leading feature of the evening was the "Pilgrim's Vision;" George Williams taking the role of pilgrim, and Sarah Prosser, Mellie Masters, Eliza Asten, Gertie Kayler, Alice Bell, Katie Miller and Gwennie Rummins the part of cymbal bearers, while Maggie Findley presided at the organ. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, chairs being brought in to fill up the aisles.

Crystal Spring.

Work at the mines is very slow.

Miss Rose Morgan, of Justus, who visited her sister, Mrs. C. C. Ries a few days last week, returned home.

Mr. W. Fell, of Cleveland, moved into the house occupied by Augustus Pahlau, and will do the cooper work for the brewery.

Max Siffrin and wife, of Canton, are visiting the former's brother.

George Bell, of Alliance, is visiting his parents and friends for a few days.

Mr. C. C. Ries, the stage manager of the minstrel show, was interviewed by your correspondant about the show, and he was hustling to get things in shape. He hadn't much to say, but said the show would be a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Beatty, of Massillon, spent Sunday with the formers parents.

Mr. Ernest Fritchie's bank barn is rapidly nearing completion, and will be a credit to the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Butler, of Akron, are the guests of the latter's parents for a few days.

Fred Bremkamp caught a large cat fish, that tipped the scales at nine pounds the other day, with hook and line.

James Beitel bought 400 raspberry stalks the other day, and will plant them on his hillside. We wish him success with his undertaking.

Augustus Krushinsky, a miner working at Millport No. 1 severely strained his wrist, while throwing a piece of slate on the gob.

Mr. Charles Myers, who was injured some time ago, by being kicked by a horse, is able to be around again.

A wedding will take place in the near future.

Elton.

The school board met Monday at Justus, to hire their teachers for another year.

Little Earl Yohn's patient suffering was ended Saturday morning when his spirit took its flight. He was buried Monday.

Mrs. Edward Swihart, of Greenville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Baughman, Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Winkhart, of Navarre, is visiting her brother, Jacob Stever, this week.

Carpenters are at work at the Boughman mine. William Penman is one of the busiest men around, superintending the Elm Run mine, and the new mine leaves him with no idle moments. He is giving work to the men who have worked for him heretofore, as many as possible.

Sunday afternoon Arthur Harrold met with an accident which will cause him some trouble for a time. He fell from a cross tie in the barn striking his elbow and putting it out of place. Dr. Snively was called and reduced the fracture, and the young man will soon be all right.

Theodore Gallatin, of Cleveland is visiting his cousins, Ellsworth and Albert Smith.

C. E. McFarren begun a summer term of school at Pleasant View, last Monday. He is one of our good teachers and always in demand.

Job Morgan is drilling on Michael Culler's land now.

MANY SUBPŒNAS SERVED.

Great Interest Taken in the Mt. Eaton Burglary Case.

WEST LEBANON, April 17.—The sheriff of Wayne county came over from Wooster today and served about 120 subpœnas upon the residents of this place and Mt. Eaton, summoning them to appear as witnesses in the case of Mrs. Haverstack and Miss Elizabeth Buchwalter, of West Lebanon, against the Schlaffly brothers and Lewis Kline, of Mt. Eaton, who are charged with burglary and assault. Among those who have been subpœnaed are several ministers—in fact, all the prominent citizens of both villages are included. None of these people are supposed to have a knowledge of the facts, being summoned to testify to the good character of the plaintiff and defendant. The most brilliant lawyers in the county have been retained and the case promises to be a great legal battle. Ralph Funk, prosecuting attorney for Wayne county, will defend the plaintiff. It is not known whether any other lawyers have been engaged or not. The defendants have retained John McSweeney, Critchfield & Critchfield and M. L. Smyser, of Wooster, all of whom rank among the best lawyers of the state.

KICKED BY A COLT.

A Bad Accident at Mt. Eaton—George Kimmel Dead.

MT. EATON, April 17.—George Kimmel, an old and respected citizen of this place, died last night at 9 o'clock. The time of the funeral is not announced at this writing.

Jacob Tschantz, west of town, met with a severe accident last evening, while breaking a colt. It kicked him on the lower jaw breaking it in two places. Dr. F. M. Marshall attended him.

Wilmot.

Cabbot & Co. are sawing on the Weimer farm.

The funeral of Charles Meese, who died suddenly of heart disease, in the storeroom of H. F. Christman, last week, was conducted by the Rev. M. T. Scarborough.

The telegraph line between here and Beach City is being repaired, part of the old poles being replaced.

The Easter season was observed by a social on Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Epworth League, and on Sunday evening the different Sunday schools held entertainments, consisting of songs, recitations, etc.

Commencement exercises at the high school will be held on Friday evening, the 19th.

Dundee has shown her gallantry by electing a woman as member of the board of education, and on Monday evening this same lady, Miss Leighley, was elected chairman of the board.

The Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, April 17.—[By Associated Press]—Hogs lower, $4.65@5.25; cattle, steady; sheep, steady.

Wheat 57; corn 45; oats 27½.

Toledo Wheat Market.

TOLEDO, April 17.—[By Associated Press]—Wheat 58⅜.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Morvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

here to claim his share. He walked over from the station and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backward, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure chest. When I stooped over him, I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"'For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance, but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel and the gash in his head would be black against me. Again an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

"'I was still pondering over the matter when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. 'Do not fear, sahib,' he said. 'No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?' 'I did not kill him,' said I. Lal Chowdar shook his head and smiled. 'I heard it all, sahib,' said he. 'I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together.' That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before 12 foolish tradesmen in a jury box?

"'Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in'—At this instant a horrible change came over his expression. His eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled in a voice which I can never forget: 'Keep him out. For Christ's sake, keep him out!' We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed toward the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father, his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

"We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower bed. But for that one trace we might have thought that our imaginations had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper with the words, 'The sign of the four,' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant or who our secret visitor may have been we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and I naturally associated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life, but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the side table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendor of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for between friends my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion 'Le mauvais gout mene au crime.' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself. So I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learned that an event of extreme importance had occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicted with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew. So we shall be expected if not welcome visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah and produced from behind a curtain a very long befrogged topcoat with astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up in spite of the extreme closeness of the night and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors, so he worked out all the cubic space of the house and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was 74 feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than 70 feet. There were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath and plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the center stood the treasure chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news, yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto as he handed her out.

CHAPTER V.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rattat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling, distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hain't been out o' his room today, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must just stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady too. She cannot wait in the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh, yes, you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Alison's rooms on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prizefighter. "God's truth, how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross hit o' yours under the jaw I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me, I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come, you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, he has followed my father's custom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has had no word of our coming she may be alarmed. But hush. What is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss Morstan seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed, and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round and peered keenly at the house and at the great rubbish heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marveled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

"What a strange place!" she said, looking round.

"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said Holmes. "These are the traces of the treasure seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a gravel pit."

At that moment the door of the house burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

WHEN A COLONY SWARMS.

Which Orders the Proceeding, the Bee Queen or the Workers?

A subject discussed in the columns of The American Bee Journal, which elicited opinions from some of the best beekeepers of the country, was which orders the swarming—the queen or the workers. Seven out of 23 apairists affirmed that the worker bees controlled the proceedings, three thought that the queen leads, several believed that both worked together, and two did not know.

W. M. Barnum said: "I don't know, but I think there is usually an understanding between bees and queen. Possibly the bees create the emergency, and the queen gives the signal."

Dadant & Son said: "We think they are unanimous on that point. The queen is angry because young queens are reared, and the bees are uncomfortable for want of room."

Mrs. J. N. Heater expressed the opinion that, with a normal first swarm, the queen is among the last to leave the hive, while with after swarms with virgin queens the queen is about the first one to leave the hive.

E. T. Abbott remarked: "Neither of them. The economy of a beehive is not managed on the Debs plan. Each one has a mind to work the best she knows how, and when the time comes for doing a thing they all do it without any ordering. The workers generally go out first, however."

G. W. Demaree said: "The worker bees control the whole proceeding. Last season I was watching for the queen at the entrance of a hive where the bees were in the act of swarming, and the queen did not make her appearance until three-quarters of the swarm was in the air, and when she did appear she was being hustled out by force of arms. I distinctly saw an ireful worker bite her as she sullenly 'vacated.' I once had a swarm to issue while I had the hive open and saw the internal excitement, and I saw the queen make repeated attacks on a sealed queen cell, but the guards stood firmly and even used force to drive her away. The old idea that the queen 'leads out the swarm' looks romantic and all that, but it is not according to solid facts."

Early Tomatoes.

To make the tomato crop a paying one earliness, size and quality are more important than bulk; hence market gardeners start their seed early in hotbeds. As soon as the ground is warm enough the seedling should be transplanted to the garden or field. Four feet either way in the rows is a good distance for the plants to be set apart, and this gives one plenty of space to work with the hoe and later for the vines to spread. If the top soil is kept loose and well pulverized, it is an easy work to go over the whole field once a week and stir the earth around the hills until the plants begin to spread. After that they need hoeing only after rains when the ground is apt to get hard. A little nitrate of soda and wood ashes scattered in each hill at the time the plants begin to vine will greatly help them in their growth, and the result will be shown in earlier and better tomatoes, according to the testimony of a correspondent of American Cultivator, who also makes suggestions about staking the plants. He says:

The easiest way to stake tomatoes is to drive a stake five feet long in each hill and then attach the vines to it with wool twine, adding more string as new shoots grow and the vines begin to droop in different places. The cost of this is very little—half a cent a hill—and it will save enough tomatoes from rotting and increase the rapid growth of all sufficiently to pay in the end. On the other hand, too expensive supports fail to make proper returns. The outlay is never really paid back.

A Word About Pastures.

Remember that close grazing is ruinous to any pasture. There is no economy in it, for what the close grazing does not destroy the hot sun will finish. Don't destroy these valuable portions of your farm by being penny wise and pound foolish. If you haven't sufficient pasture for all your stock, sell some of the stock or feed grain. It has been demonstrated at the experiment stations that by feeding grain to cows while they are being pastured we not only save the pasture land, but in the end save money. A little grain fed to the dairy cows every day during pasturing makes the cream richer and the butter much superior than if given nothing but grass. But before the grass is destroyed and close cropping begins the grain feeding should begin. Feed a little grain morning and night and restrict the animals in their grazing, so that no one part of the field can be cropped too close.

Corn and Cotton Worms.

As explained by Rural New Yorker, what is known as the cotton worm confines its work almost entirely to the cotton fields of the south. It is a different insect from what is known as the boll worm in the south, and this boll worm is the corn worm of both northern and southern cornfields. In the north this boll worm also works in tomatoes—usually in the fruits—and in the pods of peas. Thus the cotton worms and boll worms are different kinds of species of insects—but the adults of both are moths—and it is the boll worm which works on corn, tomatoes, etc., in the north. The cotton worm rarely occurs very far north of Mason and Dixon's line.

American manufacturers of all kinds of machines used in agriculture, horticulture, forestry, dairying, brewing, distilling, etc., have been invited to send their machinery for exhibition to the international exhibit of agricultural implements at Vienna May 4-7.

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THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle and rolled back his left shirt cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston and sank back into the velvet lined armchair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with my lunch or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it today," I asked, "morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said, "a 7 per cent solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider," I said earnestly. "Count the cost. Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process which involves increased tissue change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession, or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson and Lestrade and Athelney Jones are out of their depths, which, by the way, is their normal state, the matter is laid before me. I examine the data as an expert and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study In Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is or ought to be an exact science and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and though it did not prevent me from walking it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the continent," said Holmes after awhile, filling up his old brier root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois le Villard, who as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases—the one at Riga in 1857 and the other at St. Louis in 1871—which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over as he spoke a crumpled sheet of foreign note paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray magnifiques, coup de maitres and tours de force, all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge, and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate 140 forms of cigar, cigarette and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which in continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clew. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of birds' eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiæ," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork cutters, compositors, weavers and diamond polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective, especially in cases of unclaimed bodies or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his armchair and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore street postoffice this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram."

"Right," said I. "Right on both points. But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise, "so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous, and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mold adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour street office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth, which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of that peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of postcards. What could you go into the postoffice for then but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch, with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my search has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack luster eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather no doubt from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly 50 years back, and the initials are as old as the watch, so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has therefore been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room, with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch. It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guesswork!"

"No, no. I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch case, you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a 50 guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England when they take a watch to scratch the number of the ticket with a pinpoint upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the numbers being lost or transposed. There are no less than four numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the keyhole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key had slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvelous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None; hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across dun colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, and existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum. I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I shall prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blond young lady, small, dainty, well gloved and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a somber grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear cut, hawklike features. "State your case," said he in brisk business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these: My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was 17 years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained 12 months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result, and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope to find some peace, some comfort, and instead"— She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The dates?" asked Holmes, opening his notebook.

"He disappeared on the 3d of December, 1878, nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clew—some clothes, some books and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of—Major Sholto of his own regiment, the Thirty-fourth Bombay infantry. The major had retired some little time before and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in The Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small cardboard box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl.

"No word of writing was inclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has always appeared a similar box containing a similar pearl without any clew as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than today. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope, too, please. Postmark London, S. W., date July 7. Hum! Man's thumb mark on corner—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum theater tonight at 7 o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be most proud and happy," said I fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at 6, it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point, however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see now." He spread out the papers upon the table and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands except the letter," he said presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek e will break out, and see the twirl of the final s. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you then at 6. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half past 3. Au revoir, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor, and with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us she replaced her pearl box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the somber crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again and was leaning back, with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton, a calculating machine," I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit, a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however"—

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That d might be an a and that l an e. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his k's and self esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book, one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were 17 at the time of her father's disappearance, she must be 27 now—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

CHAPTER III.

It was half past 5 before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager and in excellent spirits—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! Have you solved it already?"

"Well, that will be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of The Times, that Major Sholto of Upper Norwood, late of the Thirty-fourth Bombay infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties, there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes pensively. "But our expedition of tonight will solve them all. Ah, here is a four wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left' in faded pencil writing. In the left hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line, with their arms touching. Beside it is written in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four—Jonathan Small, Mohammed Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocketbook, for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocketbook that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening and not yet 7 o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzling fog lay low upon the great city. Mud colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was to my mind something eerie and ghostlike in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all humankind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket lantern. At the Lyceum theater the crowds were already thick at the side entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who came with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us.

"You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets. The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax, which was an inconceivable hypothesis, or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double barreled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving, but soon, what with our pace, the fog and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings and knew nothing save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous bystreets.

"Rochester row," said he. "Now Vincent square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of the stretch of the Thames, with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water, but our cab dashed on and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth road," said my companion. "Priory road, Lark Hall lane, Stockwell place, Robert street, Cold Harbor lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had indeed reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two storied villas, each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings, the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses was inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white, loose fitting clothes and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third rate suburban dwelling house.

"The sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

CHAPTER IV.

We followed the Indian down the sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the center of the glare there stood a small man, with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all around the fringe of it, and the bald, shining scalp, which shot out from among it like a mountain peak from fir trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scolding, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of south London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose some richly mounted painting or oriental vase. The carpet was of amber and black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of eastern luxury, as did a huge hookah which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the center of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen"—

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes and this Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal," I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss Morstan," he remarked airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss Morstan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and offhand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss Morstan sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and, what is more, I can do you justice, and I will, too, whatever Brother Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders, no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco smoke—to the mild, balsamic odor of the eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled merrily through the rosewater. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the center.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given out my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unæsthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all form of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, and though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa there cannot be the least question about the Bougereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered, "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood, it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some 11 years ago and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge, in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house and lived in great luxury. My twin brother Bartholomew and I were the only children.

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Captain Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and knowing that he had been a friend of our father's we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast; that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan.

"We did know, however, that some mystery, some positive danger, overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prizefighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you tonight, was one of them. He was once lightweight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and toward the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

"When we entered the room, he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come up on either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try to give it to you in his own very words.

"'I have only one thing,' he said, 'which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life had withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself, so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing, not even the chaplet, until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

"'I will tell you how Morstan died,' he continued. 'He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but his comrades it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Harry W. Parsons returned from Tiffin, Monday evening.

Frankie Leininger is able to be out, after a severe attack of la grippe.

William Herman is confined to his bed wih lung fever, at his home in Genoa.

Mrs. Louis Shauf has gone to Cleveland to visit her mother, Mrs. W. H. Vincent.

The Massillon district mines located on the W. & L. E. railway turned out forty-three cars of coal yesterday.

The Revs. E. L. Kemp and E. P. Wise officiated at the funeral of the late William Appleby, Tuesday afternoon.

The Sandusky fish hatchery is again running with a spring supply of eggs. At present thirty jars are in operation, filled with pickerel eggs.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Timothy's church, Monday night, it was decided to defer the election of a vestry until Wednesday, April 24.

The Rev. John Herron, pastor of the Presbyterian church, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial day address to the citizens of Massillon.

Elmer L. Volkmor has inaugurated a new enterprise by opening a bicycle livery stable, where wheels may be procured for men and women. The charge is to be 25 cents an hour and about $1.50 per day.

The jury in the case of John Koontz against Mrs. Caroline Edwards brought in a verdict of $84.05 in favor of Mr. Koontz. The full amount sued for was $117, alleged to be due on a building contract of $2,000.

Manager Johnson, of the Central Union telephone exchange, reports that there are now exactly 220 instruments connected with his system, of which 29 have been ordered out, and that 23 new ones have been ordered in.

A delightful little evening party was given Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Patterson and Miss Patterson, in honor of Miss Mary Rattle, of Cleveland. About forty young people were present, and danced until 11 o'clock.

The Rev. O. W. Weber, pastor of Faith Lutheran church, will be married in Columbus, Tuesday evening, April 23, to Miss Carrie Rickel. They will take a short wedding trip through Pennsylvania and return to Massillon.

Florentine L. Schott has removed to Cleveland, where he has become bookkeeper for the Cleveland Faucet Co. Mr. Schott is a graduate of the Massillon Actual Business College, and is a valuable man for any concern.

The institution of the council of Daughters of Liberty has been postponed until Friday, April 19. Charter list members will please take notice. National Counselor John H. Focht will institute the council, assisted by the Canton councils.

The social committee of the U. B. church has arranged to give a social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Silk, in South Erie street, Tuesday evening, April 23. A programme of unusual merit will be rendered. All are cordially invited.

Three representatives of the Barnum & Bailey circus arrived at the Hotel Conrad last night, and are today making preparations to bill the city. The first bill car will reach Massillon within a day or two. The circus will appear in this city on July 6.

Dr. George V. Ess left Monday for New York, and will sail on Wednesday, via the Steamer Friesland, for Antwerp. He expects to go directly to Heidelburg, and Vienna, where he will take special courses in his profession. Dr. Ess expects to be absent six months.

The Massillon Sack Tie Company has been organized by C. A. Krider, Mrs. Lue Kurtz and E. T. Dodd, with headquarters in the Merchants' National bank building. The company has a patent device for tying grain sacks, for which a big demand is expected.

Reinhart Keller, who has been spending the winter in the southern states, writes that he will return home on or about April 23. At present Mr. Keller is in Macon, Ga. He is greatly improved in health and feels able to endure the changeable weather of Ohio.

The meat market of S. A. Nesbit, situated at the corner of West Tremont and Fulton streets, was burglarized Saturday night. An entrance was gained through the front door, which the burglars opened by means of a skeleton key. Meat to the value of six or seven dollars was stolen.

Married by the Rev. W. B. Leggett at his residence, 77 East South street, April 13th, 1895, Mr. John Warner and Miss Florence Arnold, both of Brookfield, O., and Mr. Sylvester W. Ashbolt and Miss Lucy Edwards, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Columbian Heights, April 14, 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin London Arnold gave a dinner Tuesday night, the guests being Dr. and Mrs. Edward Steese and Miss Steese, and Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Clark, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steese, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter McClymonds, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pocock and Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Warwick.

The cases of Frank Yengling, in Justice Paul's court, against Peter Rhine, for threatening assault, and against Frank D. Yengling and Caroline Rhine, for the alleged theft of a watch, have been withdrawn. Yengling has been convinced that his watch was not taken by the persons named in his affidavit.

George Limbach, an employe of the relling mill, had his right hand severely injured while at work Saturday afternoon. Just how the accident occurred Mr. Limbach does not know, but in some manner his hand was struck by a heavy piece of heated iron. One of the knuckles was broken and the hand was badly burned.

Miss Gribble gave a coaching party, Tuesday afternoon, and successfully tooled her guests to various points of interest. Miss Mary Rattle, of Cleveland, occupied the seat of honor in the box, at Miss Gribble's left, and other members of the party were the Misses Patterson, Dangler, McClymonds, McLain, Bucher, Hamill and Dielhenn.

The semi-annual examination for the grades of clerk and carrier in the Massillon postoffice will be held Saturday, June 1st. Applications therefor will be accepted up to the hour of closing business Monday, May 13. The examinations are open to all reputable citizens without regard to their political affiliations. Further particulars may be obtained at the postoffice, of the secretary of the local examining board.

There is a camp of Arabians in the vicinity of Buzzard's Glory, and the unkempt members thereof have been active in pressing their claims through town. One of the women went from door to door, yesterday, with a pole over her shoulder, and a "baby" suspended from the pole in an improvised bag. After a while she became tired of lugging the supposed infant and it was permitted to walk. It proved to be a lusty child about four feet tall.

Mrs. Austin Lynch set out recently to raise $10,000 for the purpose of liquidating the indebtedness over St. Paul's Episcopal church, Canton. A chain of three letters was started, each of the recipients being expected to write three more and enclose ten cents to Mrs. Lynch. Thus far the receipts amount to about $100, but the greater portion of this sum was contributed by a few of the correspondents who enclosed, in some cases, as much as $25.

William Appleby, aged 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Appleby, residing in West Tremont street just beyond the city limits, died Saturday morning at about 1 o'clock. He was a miner by occupation and was a member of the Christian church. For two years or more he had been a victim of consumption, but it was only for the last few days that he had been bedfast. The funeral was held from the residence Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, and at the church at 1:30 o'clock.

The new assessor in the fourth ward, who neither speaks nor writes the English language, has fortified himself against possible errors by securing the services of a very small girl, who accompanies him and makes the necessary explanations. This shows the care with which assessors are nominated, and is proof positive of the sagacity of the gentleman in the fourth ward. It is possible that it all points the way for more suffrage reform by making women eligible to election as assessors.

A number of men from this city who are interested in field sports are making an effort to organize a quoit club. The recent match between Boyd and Smith revived the interest in the sport. In this city there are many good quoit pitchers who, for want of a place to play the game, are very much out of practice. Many of them have signified themselves as being in favor of the formation of such a club, and it is quite possible that a permanent organization will be the result.

J. B. King, esq., of Hudson, the father of Mrs. T. F. Reed, was buried on Sunday in the Massillon cemetery, the body to be taken directly to the cemetery from the Pennsylvania station after the arrival of the train at 5:48. Mr. King died at St. Albans, Vt., of heart trouble. Dr. Reed had gone on from Massillon to attend him. Funeral services will be held at the family home in Hudson before the body is sent to Massillon. Owing to the death of her husband Mrs. King expects to make this city her home in the future.

Among those granted certificates to teach school at the Canal Fulton examination were the following: Nelson Carmany, Nimisila, one year; Weldon E. Daily, Massillon, one year; A. C. Eggert, Alliance, one year; Victor Grubb, Nimisila, one year; L. W. Herman, Canal Fulton, one year; G. W. Holm, Canal Fulton, two years; L. D. Mathie, Canal Fulton, one yearr Chas. C. Reinoehl, North Lawrence, one year; Mary Danner, Canal Fulton, one year; Florence Davis, Canal Fulton, one year; Jennie Kitt, Canal Fulton, one year; Clara Stover, Canal Fulton, one year; Estella M. McMillan, Ada, one year; Margaret Hoffman, Alliance, one year, and Alberta C. Schillinger, Canal Fulton, one year.

Crop conditions for northern Ohio for the week ending April 15 are reported as follows: Rains have been general and in some counties the amount was sufficient to delay farm work. Wheat has improved materially, and is getting a good start. Fall clover is looking better in some counties, but in others it was so badly winter killed that the rain had no material effect upon it. Oats are nearly all sown, except in the northeast counties bordering along the lake, where all farm work has hardly commenced yet. Fruits are advancing very slowly on account of the continued cool weather, but appear to be in good condition, except peaches, which look poorly. Plowing is well under way, but has been delayed some by the heavy showers. Early potatoes are being planted, and gardens are being made. The sugar season has ended, and the crop was short but of good quality.

The Arion Quartette, assisted by Mrs. Emma Chidester, soprano; Miss Helen Shoemaker, reader, and Miss Anna Edgar pianiste, gave a delightful concert last week at Seville. Twelve numbers were on the programme. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The visitors from Massillon were hospitably received, and after the concert were entertained at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Bates. Captain Bates, as everybody knows, is the famous retired giant. He lives just out of Seville, in a wonderful house with huge doors, windows, chairs and beds, and there he keeps the many mementoes of his professional days. He is a bright and chatty man, and is full of reminiscences of days spent in Europe, where he met all the celebrities and royal personages of that time. The first Mrs. Bates, who was taller than her husband, has been dead for some time. The present Mrs. Bates is a woman of normal size, and very attractive.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Now is the time to subscribe.

THE NEW CITY COUNCIL.

Bonds for the Officers Presented and Approved.

POLICE SALARIES WILL STAND.

Councilman Paul's Motion to Reduce the Pay of Policemen From $55 to $50 Per Month Defeated 6 to 2—No More Ashes to be Hauled Away Free.

The new council met in business session last night. President Reed occupied the chair, and Messrs. Huber, Graze, Paul, Hering, Reay, Smith and Kramer answered to roll call. J. C. Haring, the newly elected city clerk, was also present. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the retiring clerk, E. B. Bayliss, and were approved.

The report of the street commissioner, Wm. Vogt, for the two weeks ending April 13, amounting to $135.50, was read and ordered paid, on Mr. Paul's motion.

A communication from the Massillon board of trade, requesting the council to appoint a committee to act jointly with a committee of board members in petitioning the county commissioners to erect bridges over the Tuscarawas river and the canal at Columbian Heights, was accepted, on Mr. Paul's motion. The chair appointed Messrs. Paul, Hering and Huber.

The Trades and Labor Assembly presented a communication requesting the council to procure its printed matter at union offices. This was referred to the committee on printing, on Mr. Paul's suggestion.

D. H. Miller, of Tiffin, wanted to know why he had received no answer to his proposition to furnish the city with two Babcock fire extinguishers at $20 each. The letter was referred to the fire committee.

Mr. Huber objected to the street commissioner's habit of hauling ashes and refuse piled in alleys and public streets by residents. People who throw refuse into the streets are subject to arrest and fine according to the city ordinance. The commissioner was authorized to keep strict watch and to report all violations of this ordinance.

Mayor Schott, being present, informed the council that the board of health had ordered the sanitary officer to have ashes and rubbish found in streets and alleys removed at the expense of the property holders.

THEIR BONDS APPROVED.

The bonds of the newly elected city officers were presented as follows: City Treasurer W. B. Martin, bond $50,000, signed by J. W. McClymonds, W. F. Ricks and G. L. Albrecht. Approved on Mr. Huber's motion. City Clerk J. C. Haring, bond $1,000, signed by J. H. Hunt and Joseph Coleman. Approved on Mr. Huber's motion. Street Commissioner Charles Black, bond $2,000, signed by Jacob Foltz and G. W. Snyder. Accepted on Mr. Paul's motion. Solicitor E. G. Willison, bond $1,000, signed by J. M. Schuckers and P. G. Albrecht. Approved on Mr. Reay's motion. Marshal Harry Markel, bond $1,000, signed by Henry Suhr and H. C. Sibila. Approved on Mr. Smith's motion.

Resolution by Mr. Paul—That the city engineer be instructed to establish a grade on Second street from North street to the north end of said Second street. Referred to the paving and grading committee on Mr. Huber's motion.

At the instance of Mr. Paul the city's contractor was ordered to replace the curb and gutter in front of John Russell. This was torn up in making street improvements.

The light committee was authorized to notify the Light, Heat and Power Company to remove a pole now standing in the center of the sidewalk in State street. The company will also be notified to replace the cobble stones torn up by its employes in Diamond alley.

With an idea of reducing the expenses of the city, Mr. Paul moved to instruct the solicitor to draw up and present at the next meeting an ordinance providing for a decrease in the wages of the police from $55 to $50 per month. The motion was seconded by Mr. Graze. Messrs. Reay, Smith and Huber opposed the action. Mr. Reay did not think the police should be made to suffer because the old council left exceedingly low funds. Mr. Huber stated that if a few were to be cut the wages of all officials should be reduced accordingly. Mr. Smith endorsed both statements. When left to a vote Mr. Paul's motion was lost by a vote of 6 to 2, Messrs. Hering, Huber, Kramer, Reay, Smith and Reed voting no.

A motion by Mr. Graze to instruct the engineer to report a grade on North East street from Plum to Cherry streets was carried.

THESE ARE THE COMMITTEES.

The president presented the following appointment of standing committees:

Ways and Means—Huber, Graze and Hering.

Streets and Alleys—Paul, Reay and Graze.

Paving and Grading—Kramer, Hering and Huber.

Printing—Graze, Huber and Paul.

Fire Department—Graze, Kramer and Smith.

Water Works—Hering, Graze and Huber.

Gas and Electric Lights—Reay, Kramer and Smith.

Prison and Police—Paul, Graze and Kramer.

Sewers—Reay, Paul and Huber.

Fees and Salaries—Smith, Hering and Reay.

Judiciary—Huber, Paul and Kramer.

Railroads—Hering, Graze and Paul.

Claims and Accounts—Huber, Paul and Hering.

The following bills were ordered paid, and the council adjourned for one week:

George Curley	$ 9 80
Jno. B. Russell	159 60
W. H. Vogt	133 50
E. B. Bayliss	23 46

Reduced Rates to Michigan Points.

On Tuesday, May 7th, homeseekers excursion tickets to points in Michigan, with return limit of twenty days, will be sold via Pennsylvania lines. For details please apply to nearest Pennsylvania ticket agent.

We can save you money on glass, tin, and queensware at the Boston 5 and 10c store, No. 10 South Erie street. Will be opened in a few days.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The Usual Observances in all the Local Churches.

Easter Sunday proved so raw and cheerless that comparatively few people ventured out in their new frocks and spring bonnets, the vast majority clinging lovingly to warmer garments that had seen their best days. An occasional pair of fawn color trousers, bunches of violets here and there, and now and then a bright spring hat suggested that Easter day had come, but that was all. In the churches there was music worth hearing, and in most pulpits sermons of appropriate character.

Good Catholics rose early and attended low mass, and went again to hear high mass, and again in the afternoon. At both St. Joseph's and St. Mary's churches the music was very attractive and gratified many who are not members of those congregations.

Grace Chapel was packed, as usual, and the small edifice made all the brighter for its flowers. The choir sang a new programme, and wishes were exchanged that next near might see the new church completed. The offering exceeded $300.

The Lutheran and Evangelical churches observed the day with formality, and even those churches that do not make Easter a feast day, recognized it in some interesting manner.

TOOK STRYCHNINE PILLS.

A Baby Girl Swallows Them, Thinking Them Sweetmeats.

Marie Brown, the fifteen-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, became dangerously ill Sunday afternoon, as a result of swallowing some strychnine pills by mistake. The child was visiting at the home of her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. McGhie. On a table in the doctor's office several very small pills were lying, and the child, thinking they were sweetmeats of some kind, ate one or two of them, and became ill immediately. The doctor at once noticed the absence of the pills and administered an antidote. She was instantly relieved, and today is suffering no bad effects from the misfortune.

Mt. Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, of Massillon, stopped in town over night, April 1st, on their way home from Millersburg.

The school election passed off quietly Monday, no women voting. Dr. F. M. Marshall was the lucky candidate.

After our spring term of school closes our school board will be compelled to look after another teacher for the high school, as Prof. A. W. Ruegsegger intends to go to school at Tiffin next winter.

Mrs. Arnold Saubain, of Dalton, visited in town a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ruch.

S. A. Schlafly was in Strasburg on Wednesday.

Mrs. F. M. Marshall visited in Moreland, Friday, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Reed.

Miss Clara Mathoit is ill with sore throat.

Philip Arnold, of Apple Creek, was in town Thursday.

Protracted meetings were held in the Reformed church the past week, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. C. Smith. The meetings closed Sunday with the observance of the Lord's supper and thirty-one persons joined the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ruch visited in Apple Creek, Saturday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bringger.

Mrs. James Westcott and Miss Alice Westcott were guests of Mrs. Christian Harrold, Friday.

Miss Meshler, of West Virginia, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. F. Villard, sr.

A. O. Schaffter was in Toledo on business a few days last week.

Miss Celia Hunsinger is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wampler.

George Shimmel, an old and respected citizen of this place, is not expected to live.

Dalton News and Notes.

DALTON, April 13.—A union Sunday school association was organized here Saturday evening. The following officers were elected. President, James Buchanon; vice president, Mr. Tschantz; secretary, Ada Culley; treasurer, Ivy Welty. A convention was held there on Sabbath evening and the following speakers addressed the meeting: W. Houghton, the Rev. Hutchison, the Rev. Madge, Miss Almy McDowell and the Rev. McDawell.

The Shultz Co. will remain in Dalton.

Work has been commenced on Mrs. Conolds dwelling house.

Charles Lawrence is also putting up a new house on his lot.

Messrs. Z. J. McDowell and Irving Gardner visited at Fredericksburg this week.

It has been decided that the water works system shall be adopted.

Ed. Homan, of Pittsburg, and Harry Homan, of Sewickly, Pa., were the guests of Dalton relatives.

No Dividend this Year.

NEW YORK, April 17.—[By Associated Press]—A Baltimore dispatch says that the Baltimore & Ohio directors voted to declare no dividend.

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds. Lims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good sor colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Ph. Morganthaler.

From Sire to Son.

As a family medicine Bacon's Celery King for the nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have kidney, liver or blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have indigestion, constipation, headache, rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. McCuen, the leading druggist, 15 West Main street, is distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50¢ and 25¢.

ALL VERY STRANGE.

Landlord Copeland Wakes Up from a "Trance."

The attention of the guests at the Hotel Conrad was attracted from time to time, yesterday, by a queer acting but neatly dressed man who loitered about the office. This man put in an appearance at the hotel early on Monday evening. He neither ate nor slept, and did not at any time address a person. He acted and walked about as though he was in a trance. At about 3:30 o'clock he arose from a chair and exclaimed, "Where am I?" He looked from one startled face to another and spoke again. "I am not insane," said he, "tell me where I am." The stranger was then recognized by a traveling man as Landlord J. V. Copeland of the Hotel Croghan in Fremont. Mr. Copeland was entirely at a loss to know when or how he reached Massillon. The last thing he remembered was that he was sitting in his office at Fremont on Monday afternoon. Mr. Copeland carried a pair of new shoes under his arm and he did not know that he had made a purchase. He is not a drinking man and has never had a like spell before. He left for his home at once greatly worried for fear of losing his mind. Mr. Copeland is a well known hotel man and has many friends among traveling men. He came to Massillon on the W. & L. E. train that arrives here at 6:20 p. m.

AS SEEN AT FREMONT.

FREMONT, O., April 16.—J. T. Copeland, the Charlotte, Mich., hotel man, is mysteriously missing from Fremont. He came here to open the Hotel Croghan. He made elaborate improvements, restocked and refurnished it for a grand opening today. Monday night Copeland placed ten dollars in his wife's purse, sold various articles and suddenly departed. His wife does not know his whereabouts. He has left many mourning creditors.

Silver Men at Work.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17.—[By Associated Press]—The silverites are actively forming a straight out silver party. They propose to have a general concentration of sympathizers when A. J. Warner, of Ohio, J. C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, come. Among those leading in the movement in southern California are: Ex-Congressman Sheldon, John R. Berry, Collector of the port during Harrison's administration and ex-Senator Cole.

Sending Pictures by Wire.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17.—[By Associated Press]—The first experiment in telegraphing pictures over a long distance was made today by the Call, when the outline of a picture of the entry of the Queen of Fiesta at Los Angeles was wired from the latter place to this city. The experiment was successful. Charles Willoughby is the inventor.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

DAYTON, O., March 25, 1895

Messrs. Pretzinger Bros., Pharmacists, Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Sirs:—For the first time in my life I give a medical testimonial. Having given your Catarrh Balm a thorough trial, I find it all and even more, in its immediate and permanent good effects, than I had anticipated. From the beginning of its use and continuously, it has been highly beneficial and curative. For catarrh, colds, prevention of colds, soreness of throat, and difficult nasal breathing, it is the only remedy myself and family have found that does all and more than it promises. I tender this unsolicited testimonial out of a sense of duty to the suffering.

Fraternally and truly,

(Rev.) H. Y. RUSH.

[Copy]

(Elder Rush is one of the best known clergymen in Montgomery County, O).

It is nothing new that Pretzinger's cures catarrh. Hundreds of testimonials could be published from merchants, physicians, lawyers, as well as practical business men and farmers and farmers' wives and daughters. Pretzinger's will cure—try it and be convinced. A small sample will be sent by Pretzinger Bros., Chemists, Dayton, Ohio, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption, and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her, and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at Baltzly's drug ssore. Regular size 50c, and $1.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Ph. Morganthaler.

We are the people. Nothing higher than 10¢ at Boston 5 and 10¢ store, No. 10 South Erie street. Will be opened in a few days.

A rounded spoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder does better work than a heaping spoonful of others.

Bread and cake raised with Cleveland's Baking Powder keep their freshness and flavor. "Pure" and "Sure."

POSTOFFICE BUSINESS.

Quite an Increase in the Receipts for the Year.

Postmaster Russell finds that the receipts at his office for the year ending March 31, 1895, exceeded those for the year previous by $471.34. The receipts, by quarters, for the two years, were as follows:

Quarter ending June, 1893		$ 3,240 85
"	September, 1893	2,982 79
"	December, 1893	3,270 48
"	March, 1894	3,582 09
		$13,182 19
Quarter ending June, 1894		$ 2,862 72
"	September, 1894	3,240 41
"	December, 1894	3,903 46
"	March, 1895	3,836 94
		$14,353 53
		13,882 19
Increase		$ 471 34

Navarre.

Mrs. Frank Hall spent Easter with Canton friends.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Brahm, a son.

Mrs. Wm. Donavan is spending the week in Cleveland.

Dr. J. C. Rider, of Holmesville, visited his parents a few days last week.

Dr. D. U. Ruegsegger, from Richmond, Ind., is home for a few days.

The new school board met Monday evening for re-organization. They elected Dr. D. K. Allinder president; Melauchon Zintsmaster, secretary, and H. R. Bennett, treasurer.

The Junior society of the U. B. church are to give an entertainment on Sunday evening, April 28th.

Misses Cora Fitzgerald and Lizzie Harmon spent last Saturday at Canton.

Miss Helen Demuth, of Canton, was the guest of Miss Vesta Brown last week.

Miss Kate Ricksecker, of Canton, is visiting Miss Nora Feller.

A masquerade ball was given at the hotel Monday evening.

The marriage of Mr. Ed. Wright and Miss Maggie Adley took place at the home of the bride's parents on Tuesday evening, Esquire Goshorn performing the ceremony.

If there is no agent for the Pittsburg Times in your locality it will pay you to write to The Times for terms to agents. The Times is Pittsburg's best paper, and persons who serve as agents are granted liberal terms.

Mrs. J. C. Rommel
Morrison, Mo.

Weak, Tired, Nervous

Headaches, Dyspepsia—All Troubles Yield to Hood's.

"My wife suffered many years with various troubles, severe headaches, debility, nervousness, indigestion and dyspepsia. She has been treated by different doctors, and tried different remedies, but **Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Done More** for her than anything else. We consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a most indispensable medicine for family use, and for all disorders caused by torpid liver and impure blood, in fact it is a wonderful health restorer to the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself in my wife's case, and we can faithfully recommend its use in every family." JACOB ROMMEL, Morrison, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

A FULTON FAILURE.

C. W. Robinson, of Canal Fulton, assigned on Wednesday night to W. G. Myers and J. W. Rayl. The assignment was a great surprise. The business is not expected to pay more than 50 cents on the dollar.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

Purify the System of Catarrhal Impurities and Cure is Certain.

Spring time is most favorable to the cure of Chronic Catarrh. Hundreds of letters are received, testifying to extraordinary cures.

Wm. Mandel, of Sleepy Eye, Minn., writes: "I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for thirty-five years and had tried nearly every catarrh cure known, until by accident I was advised by a friend to give Pe-ru-na a rial. In one week from the time I took the first dose I began to feel like a new man. I kept on using it for some time, and I am entirely cured. I have no symptoms of chronic catarrh whatever. I am 74 years of age and am sure Pe-ru-na is the best medicine I ever used and would not be without it in the house for anything."

The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, Ohio, are offering free, post-paid, two medical books, one on Catarrh and Catarrhal diseases, the other on Spring Medicines and Spring diseases. Those books contain the very latest and most reliable information on these important subjects.

Fro free book on cancer address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer, and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what what they need. 50 cents per bottle at Baltzly's drug store.

I recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill. It is for sale by Ph. Morganthaler.

Notions, notions, nothing but bargains at the Boston 5 and 10¢ store, No. 10 South Erie street. Will be open in a few days.

Shopping by Mail Will Pay You.

Ever try it? It brings the biggest store in the country to your very door, and gives you all the advantages enjoyed by city people. Just drop a postal card to Kaufmann Brothers, Pittsburg, for their illustrated Spring and Summer catalogue. It will cost you nothing and save you many dollars.

FOR SALE—Five acres of good land, the Wm. Everett homestead. Good water and fruit. In Sugar Creek township, near Elton. Will be sold May 15.

Homeseekers' Excursions South and Southeast.

Special low rate excursion tickets with twenty day return limit will be sold March 5th, April 2d and 30th from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania lines to points in Alabama, Georgia, Floridia, Kentucky, Louisana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. For details apply to nearest Pennsylvania line ticket agent, or address F. Van Dusen, chief assistant general passenger agent, Pittsburg, Pa.

NOTICE.

STATE OF OHIO, } A. B. Goshorn, Justice of
STARK Co., SS. } the Peace, in and for Bethlehem Township, Stark Co., O.

Frank J. Miller H. N. Hansel, Plaintiffs, vs. W. S. Kline, Defendant.

On the 8th day of April, 1895, said Justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of $169 29.

FRANK J. MILLER.
H. N. HANSEL.

Navarre, April 12th, 1895.

Special Inducements for Cash Only

—ON MY ENTIRE STOCK OF—

—FURNITURE!—

Call and see that we mean business.

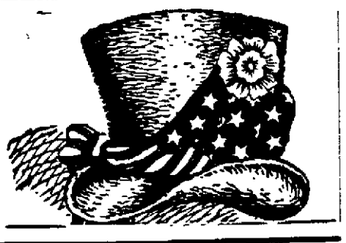
S. HIGERD'S, - 53 South Erie St.

UNDERTAKING in all its branches. Night Calls answered from 89 North Hill street or Farmer's Telephone 200.

OLD STYLE.

It's only an inch on a man's nose that spoils it, It's only the turn of a hand from right to wrong. It's only a step from old to new.

If your hat is **OLD STYLE** replace it. Everything for the outside of the head, and it's right if it comes from



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CARL BROWNE'S CASE.

The Preliminary Hearing Before Justice Folger.

CRIMINAL LIBEL IS CHARGED.

Lawyers Argue the Question Whether There Was One Continuous Libel or several Separate Libels—The Justice Rules That There Was One.

Grave matters occupied the court over which Robert H. Folger, Esq., presides this morning, and the citizen with time on his hands listened open mouthed and open eyed to the proceedings in the case of the State of Ohio vs. Carl Browne, charged with criminal libel by Policeman Thomas Harvey Seaman. Lawyer McCaughey appeared on the part of the state and Lawyer Welty defended the cerebellum of Mr. Coxey's Commonweal.

The first witness called was George R. Hankins, who took the pictorial sheets prepared by Carl Browne and inserted the printed portions. The witness identified Browne as the author of the alleged libel, in which Policeman Seaman was held to be recreant to his duty on the night of the throwing of the unsound egg. The first snag was struck when the circulation of the Cactus was sought to be ascertained. Evidently the Cactus has press room secrets, for the mystery was not at first divulged, objection being entered.

Then the issue was presented by Lawyer Welty that the affidavit charged three different libels, and each must be tried separately, while Lawyer McCaughey contended that the acts charged were all portions of the same libel. A learned technical discussion followed. The court said that the affidavit was intended to charge a continuous libel running from one act to another, and that in this opinion the belief of the court was not effaced. The libel started out with the affidavit before Justice Sibila and it was the same libel throughout. The court was satisfied that this construction was correct because he had drawn the affidavit himself, and he ought to know. It was therefore ruled that the various acts charged would be considered as all contributing to one libel. With this preliminary skirmish the witness was permitted to state that he sometimes printed as many as six hundred copies of the Cactus.

'Squire "Bolivar" Sibila ventured the belief that the affidavit charging three persons with throwing an egg at Carl Browne, and with seeking to incite a riot, had been signed in his presence by Carl Browne.

It was discovered that one John Harper, a witness who had seen Browne prepare the muslin caricature that was nailed to a carriage and driven through town, was absent, and it was supposed that he had fled to Alliance. A constable was posted after him, with orders to arrest him and bring him into court, dead or alive. Justice Folger remarked that witnesses who were disposed to be contumacious would soon discover themselves in a very unpleasant situation.

City Engineer Borton was called and testified that he had not urged Harvey Seaman to leave the place where Browne delivered his campaign speech, on the night of the "riot." He listened to Browne for about fifteen minutes before the historic egg was thrown. At this point the proceedings were interrupted while the constable ejected some impetuous youths who had posted themselves on the coal box. The witness denied that he had held a conversation with Seaman. He "had him the time," and that was all. He denied having whispered to Seaman, and declared that he hesitated in his answers because he wanted to know where the questions were leading to. He did not put his arm around Seaman's neck.

Witness did not make a map of his travels that night. The inquiry was then made whether witness did not have eggs in his pocket when he met Seaman. Counsel declared that it was proposed to prove that Borton had eggs in his pocket and whispered to Seaman to leave the scene. The question was objected to and the objection was sustained. Witness saw Seaman twice that night. On the second meeting it was after the egg episode by three-fourths of an hour, on West Main street. He denied that he organized the disorderly conduct that night. He did not tell Councilman Graze that the street lights would go out at a given time on the Friday night in question.

A recess was taken for lunch, after which the examination of D. C. Borton was continued.

Under cross-examination, Mr. Borton said that he saw Officer Seaman during Browne's meeting. He did not hold two conversations with Mr. Seaman.

Harvey Seaman then took the stand. Mr. Seaman stated, when requested by his counsel, that he was not prevailed upon to absent himself from Browne's meeting. "I saw Mr. Borton," said he, "but had no conversation with him whatever. There was no moving at the meeting when I circulated through the crowd. Then I continued upon my beat to the easterly boundary. I was not off my beat during the night.

Under cross examination, Mr. Seaman said that Borton had spoken to him twice, before and after the trouble. "There was no one with Borton and myself when I spoke. Borton did not whisper anything to me."

"Did you say to him? 'Yes I understand?'"

"No I did not," Mr. Seaman answered.

The next witness was Otto E. Young, who stated that Browne in conversation with him said that he had published articles in relative to Mr. McLain, and was publisher of the People's Party Campaign Cactus. This conversation took place in Justice Sibila's court.

W. H. McLain testified that he did not prevail upon Harvey Seaman to leave the Browne meeting. To the defendant's attorney, Mr. McLain stated that he had not been at the meeting but a minute before he threw the egg. Mr. McLain said he stopped at Graze's store, and that Borton was there. "I got my egg there, and I suppose Mr. Borton got his there. I did not see officer Seaman there."

Edward Segner was next upon the stand. He stated that he did not prevail upon Seaman to leave the Browne meeting.

Mr. McCaughey asked for a continuance of the case until Monday, owing to the absence of Harper, who drove a wagon about town upon which was a cartoon of Seaman drawn by Browne's hand.

Mr. Browne's attorney, Mr. Welty, admitted that the wagon was driven but not that Browne painted the banner. Later Mr. Welty admitted that the absent witness would testify that Browne prepared or painted the banner and the case was proceeded without the witness.

Per Lee Brown, aged 14 years, testified that he sold the Cactus and that he sold sixteen papers Saturday, and that John Harper gave him papers to circulate free on Sunday.

George Hankins was again called to the stand. He stated that Thayer and Browne were in charge of the Commonweal quarters the latter part of March, and that he had seen Browne drawing pictures. He never saw the banner until today.

At request of Attorney Welty, Officer Seaman stated that he had personally taken the banner from Coxey's wagon.

Mr. Welty asked the court to dismiss the case, on the grounds that it had not been proven that these cartoons were drawn or circulated in Stark county or Ohio, or that the Cactus office or Justice Sibila's office are in Stark county or Ohio. He claimed that not a single witness testified to the jurisdiction.

Justice Folger over-ruled the motion for a dismissal, as the whole drift of the testimony has referred to Massillon as the location, and he held that Massillon is in Stark county.

Mr. Hankins then testified that the Cactus office was in Massillon, and Massillon in Stark county.

Mr. Welty said that the justice was not responsible for a failure of proof, whereupon Justice Folger stated that he would be held responsible for a lack of common sense.

The witnesses in the defense were sworn in. Louis Paul was the first to testify. He stated that he was in Graze & Sonnhalter's store on the evening of March 29, and saw Borton there. "Borton did say 'We got the lights out all right.'" This was right after the egg throwing. Mr. Paul further stated that Borton took perhaps a dozen eggs out of eis pocket, and placed them in a basket. This was in Jacob Graze's store. "When I saw the light out", he continued, "I thought it my duty to order it relighted, so telephoned to the light station."

Mr. Paul said that in the store Borton, in answer to a puestion asked by Graze, said the scheme didn't work, as the light didn't go out soon enough and that an egg was thrown too soon. Mr. Paul looked for an officer, but could not find one. He saw nothing connecting Mr. Seaman with the affair.

Harmon Richardson stated that on March 29 Mr. Borton talked with Mr. Seaman more than once. Borton placed his hand on the officer's shoulders and whispered to him. "I heard one of the men say, 'get them out.' I think Mr. Seaman said it."

Under cross examination Richardson stated that he saw Seaman but one time.

Ray L. Markel testified that he saw Seaman and Borton at the Browne meeting but once. Thought Borton hand his hand on Seaman's shoulder at the time. They were talking but Markel could not hear, except that Seaman said, "Yes, I understand." Mr. Seaman then walked away. Soon after this talk the egg was thrown, then the lights went out.

Lawrence Baker saw Mr. Seaman at the meeting walking east. He met Mr. Borton, they said something and Mr. Seaman continued his walk. He heard nothing.

David Fahs—"I saw Mr. Seaman at the meeting. He went southwest. He stopped in a hallway in Erie street and talked to Perry Young. This was after the light went out. I don't know that Mr. Seaman was near enough to hear the disturbance."

Mr. Borton was again called to the stand by Attorney McCaughey. "In your meeting with Mr. Seaman did yourself or Seaman use language like this: 'Get them out?'" Borton answered "No."

Mr. Seaman said he did not say to Mr. Borton, "Yes, I understand" or "Get them out."

The arguments were then called for by the court.

THE BAR IRON MEN.

Mr. James Corns is Elected Their Treasurer.

CLEVELAND, April 13.—By Associated Press.—Bar iron manufacturers of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and other states have elected the following officers:

President, W. E. Taylor, Union Iron Co., Youngstown; vice president, Major Collins, Central Iron and Steel Co., Brazil, Ind.; treasurer, James Corns, Joseph Corns & Son, Massillon; executive committee, W. E. Taylor, Major Collins, Geo. W. Clarke, Scott Bonnell and Frank B. Felt.

At the afternoon session the chief topic under discussion was the present low prices of bar iron and the advisability of making a general advance.

THE TRADES ASSEMBLY.

New Officers Chosen and Resolutions Adopted.

Owing to the retirement of Charles Evans, president, and James Grant, vice president, as delegates to the Trades and Labor Assembly, that body met last night and elected A. E. Count president, and Harry Segner vice president.

A resolution was adopted to admit all trades unions not now affiliated with the Assembly, without any initiation fee, for a short time.

A committee of three, consisting of Nelson Maier, James Grant and Frank Arthur was appointed to request the city council to have the union label put upon all printed matter ordered for city use.

Oh Mother!!

Why do you let your dear little one suffer with colic and cramps, when a few drops of Dr Bay er's Colic Drops will instantly relieve your darling and give you both needed rest. All nurses use it. For sale at all drug stores, in 25 and 50 cent bottles.

Now is the time to subscribe.

A GHOST THAT DANCES.

Uncanny Reports Arrive From Akron Street.

PEOPLE GREATLY STARTLED.

The Mysterious Visitor Chases After the Residents, and When Foiled Pauses to Dance in Its White Robes—Another Ghost That Had Flesh and Substance.

Many good ghost stories are made by ingeniously weaving a tissue of words about a slender fabric of fact. But this is not that sort of a ghost story. This is one that is as reliable as the market reports, verified by Louis Haer, whose eyes have rested upon the unpleasant object, and by other persons who have been similarly terrified. The ghost walks Friday and Sunday nights upon Akron street, and it has been doing this sort of thing for a month.

It was just a month ago that Louis Haer first met the creature as he walked home from town. He passed it at Fred Fetzer's residence. It was arrayed in white, and when Louis Haer had passed it gave chase, and was so fleet of foot that the pursued is inclined to believe that though clothed as a woman it had a man's legs. Mr. Haer did not wait to prove his theory, however. He ran, too, and when he struck Grassmere he cut across lots and got home and behind a locked door as soon as possible. The ghost paused when it reached Arthur Boerner's property and danced with ghoulish glee. There it has danced several times since and many people have seen it, but not one has ventured to effect a capture.

It is singular how ghost stories always come in pairs. One week ago Wednesday night, when John Mannweiler, jr., was going home with a companion, he heard a grunt and saw a white object. He asked his companion about it, but the companion had neither seen nor heard. Mr. Mannweiler was so positive that he had not been mistaken that he fired a shot, but to no purpose. This circumstance was heard of and commented upon as alarming, and good people went to sleep with one ear open, expecting to hear the grunt of John Mannweiler's ghost. Finally Mrs. Conrad Feicht heard it, and she aroused her husband. Now they are a brave couple, and they promptly went out to catch the marauder. Sure enough, it was white and large. With great difficulty they run it up into the corner of their potato patch, and were rewarded by discovering that it was William Lantz's pig. Mr. Mannweiler has lost all faith in the supernatural.

HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

CANTON, April 12.—Samuel Weber, a resident of Kemble street, was found dead in Meyer's woods, just south of town, this morning, by Arthur Nagle. A large revolver was tightly clasped in Weber's hand, and he presented a ghastly appearance. His face was covered with clotted blood, and a bullet hole was discovered in his forehead. The authorities were notified, and at the direction of the coroner the body was taken to Shilling's undertaking apartments. A letter was found in the suicide's pocket, addressed to his wife, in which he said that he was tired of life, and as his health was failing he had decided to end his misery. He further stated that he had spent no money belonging to his wife, and was sorry to leave her, as they were always happy together, but as his eyesight was failing rapidly he did not want to be a charge to her, as they were poor. He asked his friends to help his wife as much as possible.

Mr. Weber for several years has been unable to work and suffered greatly. He was almost blind and had several times told his wife that he wished he could die, but his friends had no idea that he contemplated committing suicide. He left home at 2 o'clock on Thursday morning and did not return. He was seen on the streets, however, some time during the afternoon, and must have fired the fatal shot about dusk. Coroner McQuate is of the opinion that Weber, when found, must have been dead about fifteen hours. Weber was born in Germany, and was 48 years of age.

THEY MUST PAY NOW.

The auditor of state has certified back to the county auditor, the following appraisement and amount of tax, on various corporations, that is now collectable, under recent decisions:

Western Union—Bethlehem township, appraisement, $2,169 taxes $31.03; Canton, $5,786, taxes $61.37; Jackson township, $723, taxes $8.93; Lake, $1,446, taxes $19.87; Lawrence, $5,062, taxes $862.25; Lexington, $3,376, taxes $43.60; Nimishillen, $3,376, taxes $40.22; Osnaburg, $1,446, taxes $17.69; Paris, $964, taxes $13.44; Perry, $7,351, taxes $110.25; Pike, $1,205, taxes $16.58; Plain, $2,893, taxes $38.44; Sandy, $482, taxes $6.38; Sugar Creek, $2,410, taxes $29.89; Tuscarawas, $1,928, taxes $29.53; Washington, $1,446, taxes $16.38. Total appraisement, $42,063; total taxes, $545.84.

Adams Express—Alliance, appraisement, $4,371, taxes $117.12; Canton, $9,844, taxes $276.50; Canal Fulton, $19, taxes 49 cents; Limaville, $230, taxes $3.57; Louisville, $258, taxes $4.72; Magnolia, $98, taxes $1.09; Massillon, $1,566, taxes, $14.27; Maximo, $99, taxes $1.13; Millport, $7, taxes 12 cents; Minerva, $735, taxes $14.23; Myers, (Greentown), $21, taxes 28 cents; Paris, $61, taxes 84 cents; Waynesburg, $253, taxes $6.23. Total appraisement, $17,665; total taxes $470.59.

COUNTY POOR RELIEF BONDS.

Harris & Co., of Chicago, presented the highest bid for the seven years' poor relief bonds, amounting to $10,000, and the deal was closed by the commissioners this morning. The Harris Company offered a premium of $508. Thirteen bids were received.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

MINERAL MANURES.

Their Importance to the Long Cultivated Soils of the Older States.

It is a mistake to speak of most soils that have ever been fertile as being "exhausted." What is really true of such soils is that the available mineral plant food that they contain has been used up. What is left is not soluble, and but for the fact that good management of the soil may yet make it useful it might as well not be there. This can only be done gradually, setting loose a small portion each year. In the meantime to produce large crops more mineral fertility of kinds already in the soil must be added in soluble form for immediate use.

All heavy soils contain potash, yet potash manures may often be used with great advantage on such soils for crops that require much potash and have little power to get it. There is very great difference in plants in this respect. Some are gross feeders and can take large amounts of mineral matter from soil where other plants that equally need the same mineral starve and die. Clover and the grasses help to make mineral manures soluble in the soil. So also do such leguminous plants as peas and beans.

The question whether farmers should use the mineral manures is one of the profit or loss which such use involves. In localities far removed from market and where land is of little value the slow method of increasing fertility by growing renovating crops is often the only one that can be adopted. But where markets are near and land is valuable this slow method is more expensive than any other. A market gardener uses each year more per acre of manure than would buy an acre of rich land in less favorable locality. But he can well afford to do this.

Whether a farmer can use much or little mineral fertilizer must depend on how much he can make by it. He may use very little and use it on such crops that the increased yield will not pay him. He may use large amounts and make a proportionately large profit. So long as the increased crop pays its cost and something in addition the farmer cannot afford to do without it, and if he be a shrewd farmer he will not attempt to do so. Mineral manures are practical aids to soil fertility. They are not merely stimulants to the crop, but if they are used in connection with frequent seeding with clover the mineral fertilizer will as surely increase fertility as will a dressing of stable manure. Wherever mineral fertilizers have been applied year after year the growing of clover is especially advantageous, as this plant can reach potash and phosphates that would be lost if the land were continuously cropped with grain. —American Cultivator.

A Crowning Success.

C. E. DeVos, editor of the Cooperville, (Mich.), Observer, is a worthy example of what push and energy, with keen business propensities, will accomplish. In a conversation with your correspondent, Mr. DeVos said: "I was born in Keen, Canada, in 1855. In 1857 I emigrated with my parents to Pella, Iowa, received a common school education, drifted into the printing business, and removed to Battle Creek, Mich., where I became foreman in the large printing house of Gage & Son. I recently purchased the paper of which I am now editor. My life work has been very confining and exacting and, as a result, my health gave out and I broke down with nervous exhaustion and sleeplessness. I was in such a condition that I could not sleep until completely worn out, my appetite failed me and I had to choke down what little I did eat. About two months ago my attention was directed to Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer and I concluded to try it. It had a wonderful effect on me; in a few nights I was able to get all the sleep needed, my appetite returned and became as ravenous as a wolf's, my weight increased twelve pounds, my mind became clear and active, in fact I was restored to health and I look and feel an entirely different man." Inquiry and observation has proved Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer to be a truly wonderful cure for all nervous prostration, spasms, fits, mental depression, exhausted vitality, despondency and sexual general debility. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly, F. E. Seaman and Ph. Morganthaler.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful physicians and surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits) and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send ten cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chiblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

Rheumatism Cured in Day.

Mystic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by Ph. Morganthaler, druggist, Massillon.

It's a Grand Success.

The fact has been demonstrated by the thousands of testimonials the Mayers Drug Company, of Oaklany, Md., has received since it has sent its famous Mayers Magnetic Catarrh Cure out to the sufferers of catarrh. No medicine has received such an endorsement from the people in so short a time as it did. The makers sell the medicine on business principles, and a patient is not required to buy the medicine by the dozen to get a cure. The Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure sells for $1 per bottle, one bottle to last for a three month's treatment. 3 bottles is the highest record ever required to complete a cure. General catarrh one bottle is guaranteed. No cure, no pay.

This is an unequalled offer and if you are a sufferer from catarrh get a bottle from your druggist, if no benefit derived costs you nothing. A prominent R. R. conductor speaks:

CUMBERLAND, Md., April 29, 1893.
To The Mayers Drug Co.,

Gentlemen:—Yours to hand, in reply will say that I have the highest regard for your Catarrh Remedy, my trouble is in a chronic form and expect to use more than one bottle. I used one bottle which removed the trouble from the head in good shape and am on the second bottle for throat trouble, if I should succeed with the latter as I did in the former I shall write you again in the near future. Hoping it will do for the suffering humanity what it did for me, I remain

Yours truly,
G. J. SCHMUTZ.

Sold and guaranteed by Z. T. Baltzly, Opera Block, Massillon, O.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspapers miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth county, Ia., who had been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders, read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words, "It cured me right up." He also says: "A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and said they were so bad he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he got a bottle and it cured them up in a week." 50 cent bottles for sale by Ph. Morganthaler.

Use it in Time.

Catarrh starts in the nasal passages, affecting eyes, ears and throat, and is, in fact, the great enemy of the mucous membrane. Neglected colds in the head almost invariably precede catarrh, causing an excessive flow of mucous, and if the mucous discharge becomes interrupted the disagreeable results of catarrh will follow, such as bad breath, severe pain across the forehead and about the eyes, a roaring and buzzing sound in the ears and oftentimes a very offensive discharge. Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for these troubles.

Glad Tidings.

The grand specific for the prevailing malady of the age, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, costiveness, general debility, etc., is Bacon's Celery King for the nerves. This great herbal tonic stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the liver and restores the system to vigorous health and energies. Samples free. Large packages 50c and 25c. Sold by McCuen, 15 West Main street.

Insomnia

is often the result of some wearing pain, slight in itself, yet sufficient to prevent sleep. Instead of using an opiate apply an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

to the aching spot; relief will come, and with relief, sweet, refreshing sleep.

Beware of Nostrums. See that you get "ALLCOCK'S." Do not accept any other.

Allcock's Corn Shields, Allcock's Bunion Shields,

Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

Brandreth's Pills

first purify, then invigorate the system, facilitating healthy growth.

It's Water-proof.

Interlined "Celluloid" Collars and Cuffs turn water like a duck's back and show neither spot nor soil. They are not effected by perspiration, and always look as if right out of the box. When they get soiled you can clean them in a minute by simply wiping off with a wet cloth. These are but a few of the advantages of wearing the "Celluloid" Collars and Cuffs. There are many others that you will readily discover the first time you wear one.

They are the only waterproof interlined collars and cuffs made. Be sure to get the genuine with this trade mark

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

stamped inside, if you desire perfect satisfaction. Made in all sizes and all styles. If you can't get them at the dealers, we will send sample postpaid, on receipt of price: Collars, 25 cents each. Cuffs, 50 cents pair. State size, and whether you want a stand-up or turned-down collar.

THE CELLULOID COMPANY,
427-429 Broadway, NEW YORK.

When You Know the Girl You Love Loves You, Marry Her

Don't wait for riches—the girl won't wait for you. Take time by the forelock—the girl in wedlock, and let "BENEDICT" fit up your home for cash or easy long time payments, a quick way to wealth and happiness.

OUT FOR EASTER.

A Harvest of Bargains.

Bedroom
Diningroom
Parlor
Every kind **Furniture**

BABY CARRIAGES!

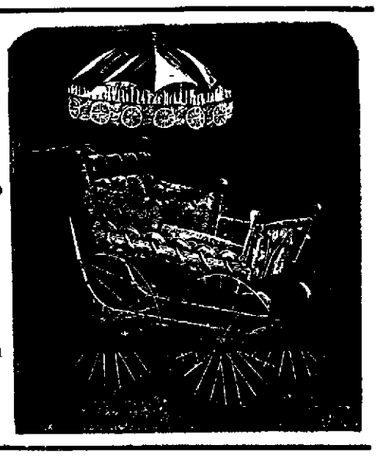
THE

DowningSleeper

AT

Most Reasonable Prices.

Take your darling a ride in one of our handsome carriages.



TO BE ADMIRED.

Our Furniture

Must be seen.
Prices are as
Admirable
As the goods.

WE LEAD THE WAY.

CARPETS

Direct from the mills.
That is the reason our
Trade is so heavy.
You have only one
Profit to pay and
That a small one.

Why pay $30 for a	Why pay $25 for a	Why pay $50 for a	Why pay $20 for a	Why pay $18 for a
Bedroom Suite	**SIDEBOARD.**	**PARLOR SUITE.**	**—COUCH—**	**—STOVE—**
Sold here for $20.	Sold here for $18.	Sold here for $35.	Sold here for $15.	Sold here for $15.

Why shop all over town when you can buy all in one place at 25 per cent less money.

The New Gem Dangler Gasoline Stove Equal to the Best at One-Half the Price.

BENEDICT. 42 and 44 South Erie Street, Massillon, O

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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WELL PAID EDITORS.

CHARLES A. DANA GETS A SALARY OF $50,000 A YEAR.

Other New York Journalists Receive Princely Salaries—Reick of The Herald, Carvalho of The World, Lord of The Sun and Nicholson of The Tribune.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 9.—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, if the word of those who ought to know what they are talking about is to be relied upon, is the best paid journalist in America, if not in the world. It is said that he receives a salary of $50,000 a year. If this be true, he pays a handsome part of this out of his own pocket, as he is one of the large owners in The Sun corporation, although he does not own a controlling interest in the stock.

This great salary may possibly account for his often expressed objection to exchanging his desk for a post of honor in the public service. It will be

CHESTER S. LORD

remembered that on numerous occasions when Mr. Dana has been suggested as a candidate for the presidency he has always declined the proffered honor, saying that no post is more honorable or useful than the editorship of a great newspaper.

There are several other editors in New York who receive salaries large enough to make office holding unseductive. Within the past fortnight I have made a careful attempt to obtain for publication the salaries paid to the leading journalists of this city. I give the figures as they were given to me. The reader may choose between the highest and the lowest figures as his judgment dictates. All that I can say is that I have thrown out all estimates which seemed to be at variance with the truth.

Mr. Carvalho's Career.

Probably next to Mr. Dana the best paid journalist in New York is Mr. S. S. Carvalho of The World. Thirteen years ago Mr. Carvalho was a reporter on the staff of The Sun. He was one of the most reliable reporters in the city, conscientious, industrious and persevering. He was a good but not brilliant writer, but he seldom was "left" in securing news. He has a rather cynical vein of thought, but absolutely no sense of humor.

Perhaps it is because Mr. Carvalho sees only the serious side of life that he is Mr. Pulitzer's personal representative in the great World establishment and receives a salary which is estimated from $15,000 to $25,000 a year. I give credit to the larger amount.

He went with Mr. Pulitzer as the first city editor of The Evening World eight years ago. Later on he became managing editor of that very prosperous paper, and then he was transferred to the parent plant as general manager of the finances. His power is almost absolute, and he is said to be closer to the owner than any other man in his employ. When one considers that it costs about $10,000 a day to publish The World and Mr. Carvalho can spend or save $10,000 in a month without making any appreciable difference in the paper to the reader, a salary of $25,000 does not seem to be exorbitant, especially as The World is credited with making a profit of nearly $1,000,000 a year.

Mr. Pulitzer's Favorites.

I am told that Farrelley, the managing editor of The World, gets but $7,500. These figures would be ridiculously small if it were not for the fact that the managing editorship of The World since the days of Colonel Cockerill and Ballard Smith is more or less of a nominal position and is rarely held long by any occupant.

In The World office there are always two or three men who are "near" to Mr. Pulitzer. They take turns in spending a short time with the owner of the paper at his country place in Bar Harbor or his hotel in Paris, and they are for the time managing editors in all but name. It is commonly reported that Arthur Brisbane receives $150 a week from The World. He is supposed to be nearest of all to Mr. Pulitzer, except Mr. Carvalho. He began his work on The Sun as a reporter in 1884 and soon became its star reporter. He then went to Europe and began The Sun's cable Sunday letter. Soon after Amos J. Cummings started The Evening Sun he became its managing editor. Then, it is said, he quarreled with Publisher Laffan and left The Sun's service to take editorial charge of The Sunday World. He has been with Mr. Pulitzer ever since, most of the time in Europe.

Most New York newspapers pay their reporters and special writers according to the amount of matter that they write. The pay varies from $4 to $8 a column, with special prices for special pieces of work. Sometimes a newspaper will pay $25 or even $100 a column for an exclusive article of great news value. The usual price on a morning paper is $8 a column. That is the rate in The Herald, World and Sun offices. The Recorder pays $7, The Times and Tribune $6 and The Press, Journal and Advertiser $5.

There is probably more mystery regarding the salary paid to W. C. Reick, city editor of The Herald, than there is regarding the compensation of any other newspaper editor in New York. It is put all the way from $10,000 to $25,000. I think that it is not less than $15,000, as he is by far the ablest executive man that Mr. Bennett has had in his employ within the past 15 years. Mr. Reick's career reads like a story from a book of fairy tales. About 1887, when he was less than 25 years old, Mr. Reick was the Camden correspondent of The Herald. He had previously been employed upon the local staffs of one or two Philadelphia newspapers, but was discharged for incompetency, and then Mr. Reick went to Camden and corresponded for The Herald.

Most of my readers will remember that about eight years ago a family of Camden youngsters were bitten by a mad dog. The Herald raised money and sent the youngsters to Paris, where they were successfully treated by Pasteur. The whole scheme was of Mr. Reick's invention, and it attracted the attention of Mr. Bennett, who had the young man transferred to the New York office. Shortly afterward he sent for him and made him the Rome correspondent of The Herald. Later on he served an apprenticeship on the Paris Herald, and when Mr. Bennett started the London Herald Mr. Reick took charge of it, organizing the staff. From this post he was promoted to the news editorship of the home paper and then was made city editor.

The city editor is virtually the managing editor of The Herald, and in his present place Mr. Reick has demonstrated his own ability and the soundness of his employer's judgment. This judgment, I may remark without any disparagement of Mr. Bennett's talent as a newspaper proprietor, has not always been as fortunate as it is in the present case. Here is a story which I have often heard and never heard denied: Many years ago Mr. Bennett is said to have met a young man named White as who was a very clever bank clerk un that time. Mr. Bennett was pleased with the young man and made him city editor of The Herald.

An Alphabetical List.

On the day of Mr. White's debut in metropolitan journalism he kept a dozen or more of The Herald's brightest young men waiting at their desks until long after 3 o'clock. Then Harold Raymond, the "crack" descriptive writer, who always received his assignment among the first, went to the foot of the throne and addressed Mr. White, saying, "Mr. White, will you have anything for me to do today?"

"Let me see, your name is"—

"Raymond, sir," supplied the reporter.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Raymond, I shall have something for you presently! I am only down to the N's now."

Mr. White had written on one large sheet of foolscap a list of his assignments, and on another he had set down a list of his reporters in alphabetical order, and he had given the most important story of the day to the man whose name began with "A" and so on down. Mr. White soon learned how to do things better, and he is today one of the most valued and experienced men in Mr. Bennett's employ.

Regarding the salaries paid to other leading men on the New York dailies I am told that they run about as follows:

Chester S. Lord of The Sun, from $10,000 to $15,000; Henry Carey of The Times, from $4,000 to $5,000; Foster Coates of The Advertiser and Commercial Advertiser, from $5,000 to $7,500; George Dickinson of The Telegram, $3,500; George H. Fleming of The Mail and Express, from $3,500 to $5,000; F. A. Dermeka of The Evening World, $4,000; George Bartholomew of The News, $3,500; Julius Chambers of The Recorder, from $5,000 to $6,000; Mr. Nicholson of The Tribune, from $10,000 to $12,000; Mr. Wardman of The Press, $4,000; J. I. C. Clark of The Journal, $5,000. It is said that John W. Kellar of The Recorder gets $125 a week; E. L. Godkin and Horace White of The Evening Post, $10,000 each, besides their large proprietary interests in the paper, and Lemuel Ely Quigg of The Press, $5,000.

Reporters get from $18 to $75 a week in salary, although I do not know of my own knowledge of any reporter who

WILLIAM C. REICK.

actually receives the latter amount in the form of a weekly salary. Many "space" men, however, average more than that. Among them are Townsend and Riggs of The Sun, and Brown of The Herald. When Julian Ralph, Andrew E. Watrons and David Bailie were on space, they averaged over $100 a week, but these men are either doing literary special work or are upon salaries just now.

Subeditors and "copy" readers on the morning papers average from $30 to $60 a week. The average in the large offices is $40 for a copy reader. On the afternoon papers the average is about $10 less.

BENJ. NORTHROP.

Glass is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence. A glass plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for five and twenty years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.

HOMES OF ACADIANS.

DESCENDANTS OF THE FRENCH EXILES IN LOUISIANA.

Their Quaint Old Dwellings and Farms Retain Many Ancient Features—The People Like Old Things and Old Ways Best. Louisiana Hospitality.

[Special Correspondence.]

CALCASIEU PARISH, La., April 8.—Longfellow did not do his whole duty by the Acadians in "Evangeline." He devoted the choicest of his descriptions and his most felicitous phrases to the land from which they were driven, and either through unfamiliarity with its natural features or to heighten the contrast forgot to give more than a passing word to their new found home in the pine strewn Creole State. Indeed there is not so much difference, except in climate, between their present location and that from which they were exiled, described as abounding in

Murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight.

The Place of Happiness.

The Acadians who, in the final act of the various changes which Nova Scotia's proprietorship underwent, were exiled by the British in 1755 from their beloved settlement were in no respect of a peculiar race. They were simply French people who had emigrated to the new world to seek more favorable conditions. They found a fertile and attractive section in which to reside and were contented and happy. They called their home Acadia, or L'Cadie, the place of happiness, and when the tragic event occurred which drove them out the name Acadians clung to them, nor have they yet lost it.

Here among the Louisiana rice and sugar lands, where live the descendants of the original exiles who sought freedom and peace under a southern sun, "Acadians" is a common designation. "Cadyans" it is pronounced by the average citizen, and they have come to be thought of as a race apart, a people whose native country is not France, but Acadia. The term is frequently used indeed by those who know nothing of their history.

In many respects the exile was of material benefit to this people. The climate of Louisiana is far nearer that of France than the coasts of Nova Scotia. The French settlers entered eagerly upon the cultivation of the fertile acres, and large plantations with the great white porticoed mansions and a score or two of negro cabins are mingled with the old Acadian homesteads that dot the entire southern Louisiana landscape.

Sacred Dwellings.

These homesteads are pictures of old time art in architecture and present, with their long, steep sloped roof, their

AN ACADIAN STOCKMAN.

outside chimneys and ovens and their queer porches, a most curious appearance to the stranger. Some of these houses, like the Andrus house, one of the oldest in the parish, were built nearly at the beginning of the century. The Andrus residence was erected in 1815 and is so well preserved that it is by no means a bad dwelling yet. It has been the family's headquarters all these fourscore years, being handed down from father to son until it has become almost sacred, and an offer to purchase a member of the family would be considered scarcely less insulting than one to buy the roof which has sheltered several generations of ancestors. With this experience duplicated on every hand numbers of these families have gained the designation of "aristocracy," and they seem to have earned it.

A visit to one of these old homesteads recalls a new phase of life. It is as if one were suddenly transported to a foreign land and were set amid a new people. Many of the adult members of Acadian families can speak no English and in the homes French is spoken almost entirely. They are conservative in custom and manner and cling tenaciously to the habits and ways of their forefathers.

Said a business man in one of the leading towns of the parish: "I went out last summer to the farm of a Cadyan family, and although I was prepared for considerable primitiveness I did not apprehend that I would see what I did. The family was quite poor, and perhaps that accounted to some extent for the course taken. In the yard was the stump of a pine tree. It had been hollowed out, and there, bending over it and working a huge pestle, was the husband, grinding rice into flour or as near to flour as he could approach. The grain had been cut by hand and winnowed in the wind. This was an exceptional and unusual case, but it shows that it is not necessary to go abroad to find odd customs and ways."

Lotus Eaters.

On the other hand, progressiveness is seen in many of the old French families. The younger generations are feeling the influence of the northern immigration which is pouring so rapidly into the south. They are buying improved machinery and keeping in touch with the modern business life. However, they do not hurry. Life is long with them, and the balmy southern airs, tempered by gulf breezes, incline them to preserve some of the manly leisure that was characteristic of the "basin of Grand Pre."

Talk to these people and they are charming conversationists. They are not very familiar with the topics that are so eagerly discussed in northern cities. They know little and, I imagine, care less about the gold reserve or the per capita of circulation, while the tariff is an unsolved puzzle. But speak of French history, of the Acadian exile, and see their faces glow. Amusements, dancing, riding and the affairs of the heart are their texts, and how eloquent is the sermon! Just a little bewildering are the inrush of northern capital and the hum of sawmills, rice mills, sugar refineries and street cars. They would far rather drive the cattle afield, gather fruit of vine and tree, smoke odd shaped pipes and be happy.

The schools are nothing to be proud of in most of the parish settlements, and the wealthy families send their children to New Orleans or farther north to be educated. A large number indeed go so far as to send their children to New England colleges, completely forgetting the old time differences. Their naturally delicate complexions are made still fairer by the exquisite care taken of them by the Acadians, young and old. The graceful, wide brimmed hats and the luxuriant dark hair are noted on every hand, and a childlike expression of trustfulness is seen in many faces.

The air of romance is everywhere in evidence in Acadia land. The fragrance of the pages of "Evangeline" is spread over the people, and the studious among them are as thoroughly familiar with the events of the fateful departure from their northern home as with their prayer book or catechism.

Honest Comfort.

The hospitality which characterized both "Basil, the blacksmith," and the farmer father of Longfellow's heroine exists in all its pristine strength. The stranger is made one of the family, and although he may miss the newer inventions that go to make life in the cities a thing of ease and may find a primitiveness that he scarce could have believed existed in one of the nation's oldest settled communities he will nevertheless be charmed with the simplicity, the homely comfort, the complacent ease and lack of worry and hurry that are a part of the life of these modern Acadians.

Numerous though it is, the old race is fast passing away, and the progressive ideas of new immigration are driving out old ways. It will not be long before the Acadian race will be as much a part of the world's past history as is the poet's story of the Nova Scotia exile.

C. M. HARGER.

AN AMAZING INDUSTRY.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew Gives Some Interesting Railway Statistics.

[Special Correspondence.]

BUFFALO, April 9.—In the course of a recent address before the Railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., not yet given out for general publication, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew presented some interesting statistics, showing very clearly the dominant position of American railroads.

There are 400,000 miles of railroad in the world, of which about half are within the boundaries of the United States. This enormous mileage has been created practically within the last half century, and it has virtually revolutionized the business of the world and mankind's mode of life.

"In 1850," said Mr. Depew, "it cost about 20 cents per ton per mile to get the products of the farm, the mine or the factory to market, and for a 100 mile haul just about the whole value of the product, but by the introduction of railroads the cost of carriage has been reduced to 2 cents per ton per mile on the average in Europe and eight-tenths of a cent per ton per mile in the United States.

"The usual result of a reduction of price is that somebody suffers, but the reductions in the cost of living caused by the railroads, which have made it possible for large populations to exist where none existed before, have not cost the world anything, but have been a clear contribution to mankind by the construction of the railways. It has been demonstrated that the railways by the reduction of the cost of transportation since 1850 return to the people of the United States one-half of the total amount of their stock and bonds as a dividend every year.

"There are employed on the railroads of the world about 3,000,000 of people, 1,000,000 of them in the United States, or one man to every 70 of the population. But there is another feature of these statistics—a marvel in mathematics, a romance as well as a reality. The carrying power of the world is the measure of the prosperity of the world. The carrying power of the world by rail, canal, steamship and sailing vessel marks whether the people can live comfortably or whether they must emigrate or starve by reason of lack of employment. You suspend for three months the operation of the railways of the United States, and within that time two-thirds of the people of the United States would die of starvation. Ten days more of railroad paralysis last summer during the Debs strike would have made hundreds of thousands of people suffer for food, although they had the money to purchase the supplies they needed. There were about 150,000,000 of tons carried upon the oceans last year. About 10,000,000 of tons were carried upon the canals of the United States. About 14,000,000,000 tons were carried by the world's railroads, of which 8,000,000,000 were carried on the railroads of the United States. In other words, the railroads of the United States carried more than all the steamers, the sailing vessels and the railroads of all the rest of the world. There never was in the romance of figures such another magnificent tribute, such a superb monument, to the prosperity of our own people."

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

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PERMANENTLY CURED BY USING

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"My husband was subject to severe attacks of neuralgia which caused him great pain and suffering. The pains were principally about his eyes, and he often had to remain in a darkened room, not being able to stand the light. Ayer's Pills being recommended, he tried them, using one before each meal. They very soon afforded relief, followed by permanent cure. I am a strong believer in the efficacy of Ayer's Pills, and would not be without them for ten times their cost."—Mrs. M. E. DEBAT, Liberty, Tex.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for forty years, and regard them as the very best.—Uncle MARTIN HANCOCK, Lake City, Fla.

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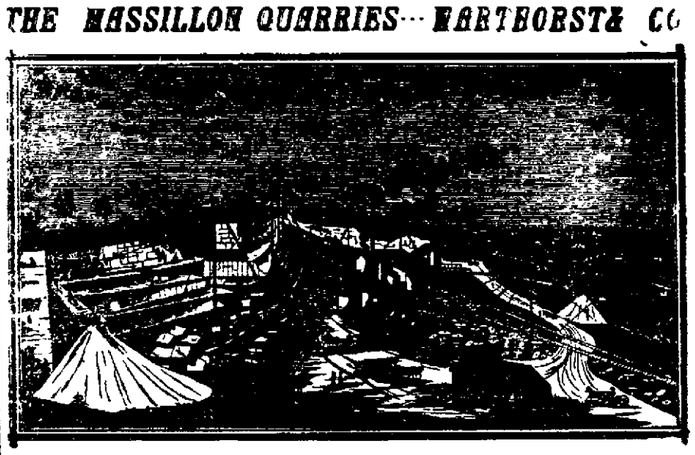

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Knives and forks 50c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.35, $1.50 and $1.60 per set.
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FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

THE FARM HOTBED.

How to Make It and How to Manage It. Keep the Bed Full.

The ordinary hotbed sash is 6 by 8 feet, a convenient size, though any old sash will answer the purpose. Construct the frame as wide as the sash is long and as long as it is desired to make the bed. Have 12 inches high at the front and 18 at the back. Make a bed at least 1½ feet thick and extending a couple of feet beyond the frame all around of horse manure which has begun to heat violently. Tread this bed down firmly, for manure thrown loosely together will heat rapidly for a short time and then become cold, but when it is made comparatively firm it will give forth a gentle heat for six or eight weeks. When the bed has been prepared, place the frame upon it and bank it up well to the top with manure. It is now ready for the soil. Use light garden loam which has been prepared the fall before. Place five or six inches of earth on the manure, leveling and fining with an iron toothed rake. Then put on the sash and leave the bed alone for a few days before planting the seeds. If the seeds are put in at once, the manure may become so hot that the tender germs will be destroyed. About the third or fourth day the heat will usually subside to about 80 degrees; then it will be safe to sow, according to American Agriculturist, authority for the following directions: Mark off in rows about four inches apart, scatter the seed thinly in the drills, cover with half an inch of soil and pat the bed down over the rows with a board or the back of a hoe.

Radishes and onions do not need transplanting, but transplant tomatoes and cabbage once or twice before setting in the open ground, giving them more room each time; also transplant lettuce when it gets its second or third pair of leaves. Set three inches apart each way, and it will soon become large enough for use. Always keep the bed full. As soon as one crop is taken out put in something else.

Open the bed and let in fresh air when the weather will permit. As it becomes warmer the sash may be removed altogether during the middle of the day, but must always be replaced when it turns cool toward evening. When the water begins to gather on the inside of the glass, it shows that the air is getting damp and heavy, and if not changed the plants will smother or the temperature will get too high, but always avoid letting in a cold draft directly on to the plants. Water sparingly in cold weather and never when the sun is very bright, for the drops of water on the leaves under the glass act as a lens and burn the leaves so that they will turn brown. For this reason in bright weather the watering should be done either in the morning or evening. If too much water is given, the bed will become soggy and dead, and the plants will turn yellow and cease to thrive. To avoid this let the bed become quite dry before watering, and then give it a thorough soaking. On cold nights or in stormy weather the glass should be covered with matting or boards, or even hay or straw, to keep the temperature from falling too low. A well managed hotbed will more than pay any family for the trouble.

Cost of Manuring.

An elaborate foreign report presents detailed statistics of the comparative cost under European conditions of manuring in systems of farming in which (1) a large amount of stock, (2) a small amount of stock and (3) no stock is kept, the comparative merits of commercial fertilizers, green manuring, night soil, sewage, etc., being discussed.

The author concludes that green manuring, supplemented by commercial fertilizers, is suited to almost all conditions. Under favorable soil conditions manuring with artificial fertilizers may be exclusively practiced. The economy of the use of night soil, sewage, sweepings, factory waste, composts, etc., and bought stable manure depends upon local conditions, and these materials should be used only when they are cheaper than the more generally applicable system of green manuring supplemented by commercial fertilizers.

Although it is believed that in some cases the circumstances may warrant the reduction or total abandonment of stock raising and the substitution of some of the above systems of manuring, it is not safe to conclude that such is generally advisable. In deciding this question there are other important factors besides cost of manure to be taken into consideration.

Where to Place Brooders.

Brooders should have a house set apart for this operation, even if they are of the outdoor pattern, early in the season especially. Later the outdoor brooders may be used in the open air. The brooder house preferred by a Country Gentleman correspondent has a board floor, windows that admit the sunlight on the southerly side of the house and room about the brooder to secure exercise for the chickens, which, if very early in the season, cannot be advantageously allowed to run out of doors. The house need not be expensive. Even a building inclosed on three sides, open to the south—a mere shed—will answer, if one uses outdoor brooders, though an inclosed house is better. This correspondent has used brooders in a cellar and had really good success with them, but prefers a house set apart to their use. It is not necessary, however, to exercise so much care in the location of a brooder as in that of an incubator, for a hatched chick has much greater vitality than the unhatched germ. Still the more favorable the situation of the brooder, other things equal, the more satisfactory will be the growth and development of the chickens.

IN THE APIARY.

Bees Store Most Honey In Large Receptacles, Says an Expert.

Which colony will store the more surplus honey—the one provided with one pound sections, or the one having two pound sections? The foregoing query was propounded in The American Bee Journal, and the answers were almost unanimously in favor of the two pound sections, although everybody agreed that when it came to selling the honey, it was much better to have it in one pound sections. To the farmer who keeps but a few colonies and who wishes to produce honey for his family use the question of sale is but secondary, and he desires, above all things, to get as much product as possible from the few colonies of bees that he keeps. It is therefore important for him to know whether there is really an advantage in using large honey sections. With a view to settling this matter are here appended the opinions of that expert bee man, Charles Dadant, as expressed in a letter to Prairie Farmer:

Bees in a state of nature lodge themselves in the hollows of trees. They store honey in provision of future needs. Their instinct leads them to place the honey at the upper part of their hive above the brood and far from the entrance, so that, the cluster of bees being placed between their stores and the entrance, they can better defend these against intruders. They also want the honey in a place easily accessible during cold weather, and therefore as near the brood nest as possible. When we give our bees an empty box above their breeding room, we act according to their requirements, but when the box is cut up into small compartments they readily perceive that some parts of this surplus room may become difficult of access to them during the cold weather, and they work in them much more reluctantly.

The first step taken for the securing of surplus honey, after the invention of the movable frame hive, was the invention of a small box, glassed on four sides and holding about four pounds of honey. The bees had access to this small box through only one hole about an inch in diameter. It was soon perceived that there was less honey harvested in this style of box than formerly in the old wooden bucket plan, laid bottom side up on top of the box hive. We used these boxes for a short time, but after the invention of the extractor in 1867 we tried surplus cases of full size with open frames right over the brood combs and without any partition or honey board. These frames were used for extracting. The result was so much in favor of the large frame that we soon discarded the glass boxes altogether. A little later on the honey section, holding about a pound, was invented and found just the thing for the comb honey market. We tried these sections in broad frames to hold them in the supers, and we used them side by side with the long extracting frames. The result was by far in favor of the latter, and were it not that the city trade demands honey in small packages we dare the assertion that no one would think of using anything else.

To show how evidently the bees prefer a long, open frame to a small section we will say that we tried both the long frames and the frames containing four sections each, side by side in hives, placing the small sections in the center over the brood nest. In every instance the bees filled the large open frames first, although they were placed in a less favorable place. In a comparative test between large and small sections the result was similar, although the difference was not so plainly marked. This shows that it is best to use long open frames, or large sections, in the supers, when the intention of the beekeeper is to produce honey especially or exclusively for his family's use. But if honey for market is wanted one must either use the one pound sections, which are the only comb honey package of marketable value, or he must use the long, open frames with the honey extractor.

Improvement In Eastern Apples.

American Agriculturist reports that, despite the partial failure of the apple crop in New York state, the metropolitan market has been more than well supplied with apples the present season. There are some notable facts apparent in this season's show of fruit. There seems to be a greater variety of apples than is commonly seen at this season, and among these are some, now quite plentiful, which have of late years been extremely scarce, such as Newtown pippin, Esopus spitzenburg, Jonathan, Rawle's Genet, Swaar, Seek No Further and Dominie. All of these have been more or less plentiful, of fairly good quality and free from scab.

There is no other possible explanation of this seeming revival of apparently dying out varieties, says the authority referred to, than that it has been brought about by spraying and in some cases by a more intelligent fertilization. That this is the correct solution is further shown by the improved quality of the commoner varieties which come from orchardists who are up to date, such as the Baldwin, Northern Spy, Talman Sweet, Rhode Island Greening, Ben Davis, Hubbardston, Tompkin's King and earlier in the season of Gravenstein and Fameuse.

Why Use So Much Fertilizer?

A New Jersey farmer was asked by the author of "Chemicals and Clover" why he used so much fertilizer. Here is his answer:

When we put fertilizers on our potatoes, we look forward two years to the grass crop. That is why we use so much. For years and years we thought, with other farmers, that fertilizers were so soluble that it was only safe to put on just enough for one crop. That is all nonsense. On ordinarily level ground we find fertilizers as safe in the soil as out of it—safer, too, with wheat and grass coming along to make use of them. The more fertilizers I use the more money I make.

A FORTUNE AT CARDS.

IT WAS WON BY JOHN SCOTT, THE "GENTLEMAN GAMBLER."

His Winnings at White's, In London, In the Last Century Exceeded $5,000,000. Though Illiterate, He Was a Man of the Most Precise Methods.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers of the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips.

Writing to Richard Bentley, from Arlington street, on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost £32,000. The citizens put on their double channeled pumps and trudge to St. James street in expectation of seeing judgment on White's —— angels, with flaming swords, and devils flying away with diceboxes, like the prints in Sadler's hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless dicer, shot himself dead after losing the last of his fortune in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of Wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II by marrying, when he was himself only 14 years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at 13. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the pet son of Charles II, Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was 60 years later, or about 1750, that young John Scott, son of the Laird of Scot's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamesters that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away his fortune over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than $5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost, or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemonnaie in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London, and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in dicing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game heaven fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night, while he was at the card table, news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.—Exchange.

POKER IN THE CABINET.

A Member of the Same, Who Wasn't Talking About Herbert, Tells Tales.

"Gresham," said a prominent member of the cabinet, vainly searching in his pocket for a nickel with which to pay his fare in the last night car after a pleasant little evening at the White House, and who then gratefully thanked a newspaper correspondent for handing the conductor an extra nickel, "Gresham says that he doesn't play poker for the money there is in it, but I notice that he wins all the chips."

The secretary was lost in thought for a few moments. Finally he shook his head sadly, sighed heavily and continued:

"Secretary Gresham is, in my opinion, the finest poker player in the country. I have seen a great many stiff games in my life, games played by men who had for years made their living at it. And I have seen some pretty desperate chances taken, too, but never have I seen a man so thoroughly at home at a game of poker, so cool and collected at every stage, as our secretary of state. In this opinion I am sure that I would be indorsed by every member of the cabinet. Even the president himself would, I am sure, second my views on this subject, although he thinks he knows a thing or two about the game himself."

"Has the president played the game long?" the newspaper man inquired.

"Oh, no," said the secretary; "I don't believe he ever played the game at all until he went down the river last year and took Gresham and Carlisle with him. When he came back, he didn't talk about anything for months but poker. He hinted one day that if I'd come up in the evening he would give me a few points about the game. I went up. The next morning the president had to send to the bank for money."

"What did the president say when he arose from the game?"

"He simply said that it was easy to see that I'd been taking a few lessons from Gresham, and then he said good night."

"Can all the members of the cabinet play?"

"They can; but, like the man with the dish of crow before him, they don't hanker after it. It's too expensive. The great poker players of the president's official family are the president, secretary of state, Carlisle and Morton. They play for the love of it. Morton is not what one would say in the language of the street an 'out of sight player,' but he is a pretty good all around hand at the game, and then he doesn't have to live on his salary. Carlisle is a shrewd player, but lacks nerve. The president is a great bluffer and seldom stays out. He's the biggest winner of the four, except, of course, Gresham. Gresham seems to win all the time."

"Do they play often?"

"Well, they devote about all their spare time to it. It's become a hobby with the whole of them. I don't want to be understood as insinuating that they play night after night or that very large sums change hands. It's merely a gentleman's game. They like it. It affords them the necessary relaxation after a hard day's work, and it's perfectly proper and correct."

"Does Lamont play poker?"

"Well, as my friend Goldzier would put it, 'Lamont do play a few poker,' but it's not his hobby. Politics is Lamont's bobby."

"How about Herbert?"

"I'm not talking about him." Then he winked the other eye and left the car.—Washington Cor. Rochester Post-Express.

A KINGLY ROMANCE.

A Chapter From the Stormy Life of Victor Emmanuel Recalled.

Count James Mirafiori, half brother of King Humbert, is said to be at the point of death in Turin as the result of a riding accident. His name recalls one of the most curious of modern kingly romances. Victor Emmanuel, in the latter years of his stormy life, made the acquaintance of Rosina Mirafiori, a humble laundress and daughter of a sergeant in the army. Rosina was of singular beauty, but not educated nor refined. The old king fell madly in love with her, made her his mistress, she being nothing loath, and subsequently contracted a morganatic marriage with her, greatly to the scandal of church and state.

The dying count is the offspring of that strange union. His accident also recalls the mysterious affair about two years ago when the little chapel wherein was interred "La Bella Rosina," as the Piedmontese always called her, was almost destroyed by a fire from some unknown cause. The massive coffin was burned, and the body was partly carbonized. Rumor at the time declared that the fire was due to a long cherished vendetta, but this was never proved.—Paris Letter.

An Unusual Coincidence.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Standard says that on one of the estates of Count Potocki in Galicia the very rare event of a mother, daughter and granddaughter each giving birth to a son on the same day has just occurred. The mother is 48, and the infant son is her sixteenth child. The daughter, who has just presented her husband with his eighth, is 33 years old, and the granddaughter, who was married last year, is not yet quite 16. All the three newborn sons are strong and healthy, and the same may be said of their mothers, who belong to the Polish peasant class.

Self Crucifiers.

A remarkable sect has just made its appearance in the Volga province of Samara, in Russia, of which, as far as is known, only women can be members. These sectaries make a point of what they call "self crucifixion." They feed exclusively on grass, herbs and berries, and subject their bodies to all kinds of self imposed tortures. They are opposed to the Russian clergy and to the worship of pictures.—St. Petersburg Letter.

A SENSIBLE FIR TREE.

Said a saucy little Maple
To her cousin, Willow Tree:
"Miss Fir has no new mantle
This spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
That she's worn since I was born.
I should think she'd feel so shabby
With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
At the Fir Tree's old style clothes
Willow laughed—she couldn't help it—
At the turned up, pea green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest,
Answered Maple not a word,
Though I'm very sure—yes, certain—
Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured
As she rearranged her clothes,
"I'm glad my friends don't leave me
With every wind that blows."
—A. F. Caldwell in Christian Nation.

VALUABLE WOODS.

Many of the Finest Kinds In Existence Plentiful, but Almost Unknown.

Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown or only slightly known to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are perhaps the most remarkable as well as the best known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use. These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly.

In the Columbian exposition there were many displays of little known woods, and the finest of them were those from Argentine Republic, Brazil and other South American countries. Some of these southern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods. Some of them burned but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water.

All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river valleys and in some of the wide areas of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are specially fit for the finest cabinet and furniture work, and also for shipbuilding, carpentry and other industrial arts in which wood is the raw material. These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them.

Before many years, it is safe to predict, the South American and Central American republics will be threaded by railroads, and then those wonderful woods will be drawn upon to supply the demand for new and fine woods in all civilized countries.—Lumber World.

An Advance In Ohio Oil.

TOLEDO, April 16.—Ohio crude oil advanced 10 cents yesterday. North of Lima is now $1.17, south of Lima $1.15 and Indiana $1.05.

A REMEDY OF GREAT VALUE.

In an article on proprietary remedies, which appeared in a recent issue of the "St. Louis, Mo., Medical Brief," Prof. Willard H. Morse, M. D. F. B. S. Sc., of Westfield, N. J., says: "One notable instance in point of efficacy is offered by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy which has earned reputation as curative of Bright's disease and other affections of the kidneys." In concluding the article, Dr. Morse says: "Manifestly therefore, treatment of the kidneys and bladder, both preventive and curative, calls primarily for the exclusion of all factors causative of functional derangements. Diseases of the kidneys demands reestablishments of normal functions, destruction of the micro organism causing the disease, and repair of the ravages. These three demands are fulfilled by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—it reinstitutes and regulates the renal functions, it destroys the causal germ, and repairs the broken down tissues."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is an unfailing specific for such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, biliousness, dyspepsia, kidney and liver complaints. In Bright's disease, diabetes, urinary troubles and the sickness peculiar to women, it cures where all else fails.

PROOF

From well known people should convince you of the merits of

TONSILINE

WOOSTER, O., March 15, 1895.

The Tonsiline Co.:

Through Messrs. Laubach & Boyd I received a sample bottle of your Tonsiline. We used it for sore throat in several cases in our family and felt so well pleased with its effect that I purchrsed another bottle and we are pleased to have it in the house, ready for use when occasion may require.

J. S. Ross,
Pastor Disciple Church.

For Sore Throat, Sore Mouth and Tonsilitis, TONSILINE is Peerless. Tonsiline saves Dollars and Lives.

25 and 50c., at all Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflamation. HEALS THE SORES. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. IT WILL CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

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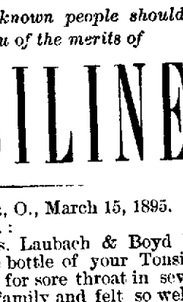
56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH



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Ask the Grocer

—FOR—

SOUDERS'

10 cent LEMON
—AND—
15 cent VANILLA

EXTRACTS

The best that can be made for the money. Note the fine flavor and saving in price. Green label.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SOUDERS' CELERY & PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

—RELIEVES—

Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Nervousness.

Rheumatism Can be Cured

in but one way. The seat of the disease must be attacked; the root of the evil removed. Liniments can never cure it; so-called "blood purifiers" only bring disappointment. There is but one successful remedy, and that is

Elixir Rheumatique

HOW'S THIS? We guarantee Elixir Rheumatique to relieve the worst case of rheumatism in 24 hours at a reasonable time.

LA VILLE LABORATORY CO.

If your druggist does not keep ELIXIR RHEUMATIQUE, write to La Ville Laboratory Co., Springfield, Ohio, for full particulars. If you mention this paper and send the names of two rheumatics, "Womankind," a handsome ladies' paper, will be sent you three months free.

It Will Cure You.

Attention Horsemen

Season of 1895

AT

Dalton Stock Farm

We wish to state to our patrons and all parties interested in good horses, that they will find at our stable, after April 1st, two of Bell Brother's choice stallions viz: An

IMPORTED PERCHERON,

Weighing over 1900 pounds, a sure foal getter of the highest order and an **Imported German Oldenberg Coach Stallion,** weighing 1850 pounds, with style, action and color second to none.

The Percheron Stallion took the first prize at the Ohio State Fair as a two-year-old in 1893 and as a three-year-old in '94.

TERMS—$10.00 to insure foal ten days old to either horse.

For particulars call on or address,

L. S. RUDY.

1¼ miles Northeast of Dalton.

Attachment Notice.

Louis Moser, plaintiff, vs. Albert Labreck, defendant.

Before Robert H. Folger, Justice of the Peace of Perry Township, Stark County, O.

On the 4th day of April, A. D. 1894, said justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for thirty-eight dollars and forty-three cents.

LOUIS MOSER,

Perry Township, Stark County, O., April 8th, 1895.

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Jehu E. Thompson, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 9th day of April, 1895.

ROBINSON REINOEHL,
Administrator.

FEED Old Process OIL CAKE MEAL

Prices Very Low At Present.

The best and cheapest food known for all kinds of stock. Write for prices to

THE GRISWOLD LINSEED OIL CO.,
Warren, Trumbull Co., O.

DR B. E. OTTMAN,

The Celebrated Specialist,

Of Columbus, O., will be at the

Hotel Conrad, Massillon, Wednesday, May 8

Office Hours from 9 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. One Day Only Each Month.

No money required of responsible parties to commence treatment.

HE CURES AFTER OTHERS FAIL.

The Most Successful and Scientific Treatment of all Diseases and Weaknesses of Mankind Possible to Obtain.

The most widely and favorably known specialist in the United States. His long experience, remarkable skill and universal success in the largest hospitals in the world enables him to treat all **CHRONIC, NERVOUS, SKIN and BLOOD Diseases** upon the latest scientific principles and entitles him to the full confidence of the afflicted everywhere.

DR. OTTMAN has no superior in diagnosing and treating diseases and deformities. Medical and Surgical Diseases, Acute and Chronic Catarrh, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, Chronic Female and Sexual Diseases speedily cured by treatment that has never failed in thousands of cases that had been pronounced beyond hope. Many people meet death every year who might have been restored to perfect health had they placed their cases in the hands of experts.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—DR. OTTMAN, after years of experience, has discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by the new remedy, **OLIVE BLOSSOM.** The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. **Consultation Free and Strictly Confidential.**

DR. OTTMAN operates successfully and painlessly for squint eyes, pterygium, iridectomy, turning in or out of eye lashes or lids, closure of tear duct and all other eye operations.

DEAFNESS. I cure 90 per cent. of all cases. Many cases cured in one treatment.

DISCHARGING EARS cured in every case.

CHRONIC SORE EYES and granulated lids quickly cured.

CATARRH OF THE NOSE, bronchitis and lung troubles, caused from catarrh, positively cured.

A CERTAIN AND POSITIVE CURE for the awful effects of early vice and the numerous evils that follow in its train.

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

A SURE CURE. The awful effects of early vice, which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body, with all its dreadful ills, permanently cured.

PRIVATE BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES speedily, completely and permanently cured.

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND SEXUAL DISORDERS yield rapidly to his skillful treatment.

PILES, FISTULA AND RECTAL ULCERS guaranteed cured without pain or detention from business.

SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA, GLEET, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions, Decayed Faculties, Female Weakness and all delicate disorders peculiar to either sex, positively cured, as well as functional disorders that result from youthful follies or the excess of mature years.

SPECIALTIES: Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Sores, Pimples, Scrofula, Blood Taints, Eczema, Cancer, Piles and Diseases of Women Quickly and Permanently Cured by the latest approved treatment as pursued by leading specialists of America and Europe.

DR. OTTMAN addresses those who have impaired themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, study, society or marriage.

MARRIED MEN, or those entering on that happy life, aware of physical debility, quickly assisted.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE Nervous Debility, Failing Manhood, Syphilis, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Unnatural Discharges Weak Parts and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

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FREE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE.—Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring from 2 to 4 ounces of urine (that passed first in the morning preferred), which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination, and if requested a written analysis will be given. Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep trifling with them month after month, giving poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. Delays are dangerous.

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